

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL

Lincoln Dinner



Republican Club

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

of 1903

PROCEEDINGS
AT
THE SEVENTEENTH
ANNUAL LINCOLN DINNER
OF THE
REPUBLICAN CLUB
OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK

CELEBRATED AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, THE NINETY-FOURTH
ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12TH 1903

NEW YORK
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1903

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

EMANCIPATOR

MARTYR

BORN FEBRUARY 12TH, 1809

ADMITTED TO THE BAR 1837 ELECTED TO CONGRESS 1846

ELECTED SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT

OF THE

UNITED STATES, NOVEMBER, 1860

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION JANUARY, 1ST, 1863

RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT

OF THE

UNITED STATES, NOVEMBER, 1864

ASSASSINATED APRIL 14TH, 1865

OFFICERS 1903

LOUIS STERN, PRESIDENT

VICE-PRESIDENTS

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ALEXANDER P. KETCHUM

SAMUEL W. BOWNE

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TOASTS

Hon. LOUIS STERN, President of the Club, *Presiding*

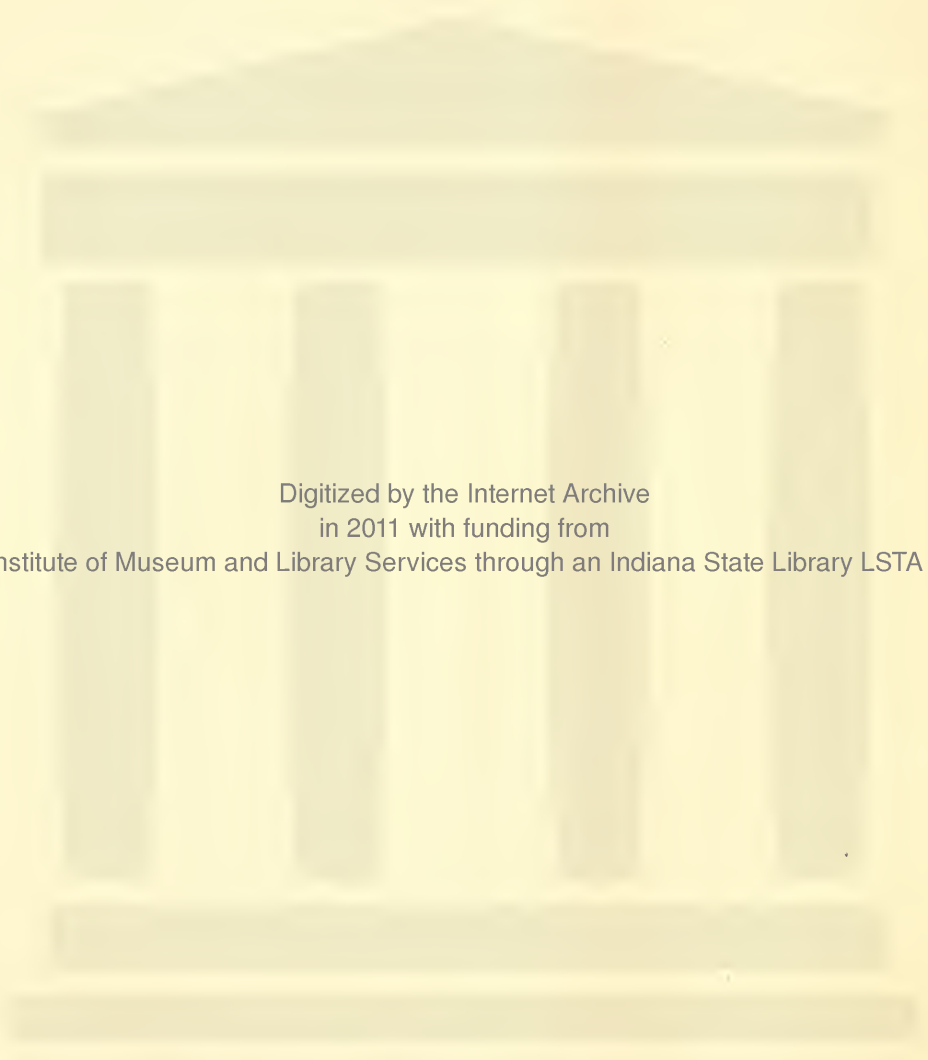
GRACE, - - - Rev. WILLIAM MERLE SMITH, D.D.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, - - - Hon. FRANK S. BLACK

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—WENDELL
PHILLIPS, A CONTRAST AND Judge WENDELL P. STAFFORD
A PARALLEL

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY - - Hon. FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN

LINCOLN'S WAR SECRETARY - Hon. ROBERT W. TAYLER



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THE LINCOLN DINNER
OF THE
REPUBLICAN CLUB

The Seventeenth Annual Dinner of the Republican
Club of the City of New York was given at the
Waldorf-Astoria, Thursday, February, 12,
1903, on the Ninety-fourth Anniversary
of the Birthday of Abraham Lincoln

The President of the Club, Hon. Louis Stern, called
upon the Rev. William Merle Smith, D.D., to say grace.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS
OF
HON. LOUIS STERN

PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB
PRESIDING

The Toastmaster: I will ask the Rev. Wilton Merle Smith to say grace.

Grace. Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, D. D.: O Lord, our God, sanctify unto us our fellowship and the memory of Thy servant whose work and life we honor to-night. May we here take increased devotion to the things for which He lived and died, for Christ's sake, Amen.

The Toastmaster: Ladies and Gentlemen, it is with unfeigned pleasure that I welcome all the guests who have honored the Republican Club by their presence on this anniversary of the birth of that greatest of Americans, Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.) Surely the day of all days in the calendar when Republicans should come together and commune with one another, with patriotic ardor, is the birthday of him whose blessed memory we have met to celebrate.

In his time he was the cherished leader of our party; he was the representative in whom Republicans entrusted, with fear and trembling and yet with confidence, the most momentous problems that a free people ever called upon one of their number to solve.

Abraham Lincoln no longer belongs exclusively to the party to which in life he was affiliated and which ever tenderly cherishes his memory. So wide and broad is his fame, that all the American people now claim him as their own.

The men produced by the crisis of 1861 stand out sharply in silhouette against the sky of history. (Applause.) Examine the career of each, the great civilians and the great soldiers. Bear in mind the fever and impatience of those times, the varied and various influences to which Mr. Lincoln referred as the "pressure from the people of the North, and from Congress

which was always with him." Ask yourself, who, of all these, could have taken the place of Abraham Lincoln?

Justly, then, may the Republican party be proud of the sagacity of its leaders who selected from its ranks this noble American, whose unselfish patriotism was united to surpassing ability. The conditions which confronted the first Republican President were many and varied, and only a many sided man could meet and face them all. Abraham Lincoln was that man. (Applause.) He was a statesman, and he was a politician; he was an orator, and he was reticent. He was the saddest man in the nation, and he was the most humorous. He was firm, and he was yielding; but in the main policy of preserving the unity of the States and establishing a government under the Constitution, he was the incarnation of inflexibility. Few saw him through the same eyes, yet all beheld in Abraham Lincoln the marvelous leader who inspired confidence.

It takes time and distance and new conditions to appreciate the height and breadth of a simple, tender, God-fearing man like Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.) His was the pure, lofty soul shining in the seething cauldron of every kind of intrigue, of every description of human ambition and human emotion. His simplicity and purity, his faith in God, in the people, in the Constitution and the righteousness of the cause; his noble single-mindedness, zeal and eternal vigilance, made him shine in the political firmament of those historic days with the constancy of the North Star by which the loyal people steered the storm tossed ship of state.

Now, gentlemen, before I close and give way for the galaxy of orators, for whom you are eagerly waiting, I cannot resist mentioning the fact that the Republican Club, since its last Lincoln Dinner, has erected a new club house, which it is about to occupy, on the south side of 40th Street, between 5th and 6th Avenues. Don't mistake the location, gentlemen—an eleven story structure, with all the modern improvements. Our new home is worthy of the Club's past achievements and its present large measure of prosperity. Its distinguished membership includes the President of the United States (applause); a member of the Cabinet (applause); United States Senators and Congressmen, and the Governor of the State (applause); and last, but not least, four judges now in active service. With such a membership and such a record, the Club may well enter upon a new stage of its existence in its new club house, determined to be more faithful than ever to the robust and progressive Republicanism of which Abraham Lincoln was the great exponent.

Gentlemen, I will now ask you to have your glasses filled,

and propose the toast to his excellency, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States.

(Toast drunk standing).

Gentlemen, before we proceed with the speechmaking of the evening, I will ask the Chairman of the Dinner Committee, Colonel Treat, to read letters that we have received from eminent men throughout the country, and who, for various reasons, are unable to be with us to-night.

(Colonel Treat then read letters from President Theodore Roosevelt, Secretary of War Elihu Root, Attorney-General Philander Chase Knox, Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, Senators Thomas C. Platt, Chauncey M. Depew, Marcus A. Hanna, Nathan B. Scott, John B. Spooner, Joseph R. Burton, Governor Benjamin B. Odell, Governor Franklin Murphy, Cornelius N. Bliss, Whitelaw Reid, J. Pierpont Morgan and Andrew Carnegie.)

WHITE HOUSE.
WASHINGTON.

January 26, 1903

My dear Mr. Caldwell:

Will you present to the members of the Club my very sincere regret that I cannot be with you at the Lincoln birthday dinner? I feel that not merely all lovers of the Republican party but all believers in the country should do everything in their power to keep alive the memory of Abraham Lincoln. The problems we have to solve as a nation now are not the same as those he had to face; but they can be solved aright only if we bring to the solution exactly his principles and his methods, his iron resolution, his keen good sense, his broad kindness, his practical ability, and his lofty idealism.

Faithfully yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

Mr. Alexander Caldwell,
568 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

ADDRESS OF

EX-GOVERNOR FRANK S. BLACK

The Toastmaster: Ladies and Gentlemen, the first of the orators of the evening whom I have now the pleasure of presenting to you is one of the illustrious sons of the Empire State, an ex-Congressman and an ex-Governor, who has made his mark both as a legislator and as an executive, while his career at the bar has been so successful that to-day, although, comparatively speaking, still a young man, he stands in the front rank of his profession. His fame as an orator has preceded him here to-night; he is a master of "the art of putting things," and is always forceful, keen and incisive. It will be a great treat to hear of Abraham Lincoln from his point of view.

I have the honor of introducing to you ex-Governor Frank S. Black. (Applause and three cheers.)

Ex-Gov. Frank S. Black: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, there are subjects upon which nothing new can be said, but which still arouse the fervor awakened at their first enunciation. If the song was true when it started on its journey it will be sung as long as human hearts vibrate and human tongues retain the power of speech; it will be lisped by those tottering on toward the end and echoed by those whose hearts are filled with the promise and the glow of youth. (Applause.) If the product was genuine when it passed from the Creator's hand, it will neither be dimmed by age nor cheapened by familiarity; for honor is not decreased by contact, and truth is never out of tune. If none of the old stories are ever to be retold, many a noble inspiration must be lost and many a tender chord must remain untouched.

This is the age, I know, when the search is at its height for the new and marvelous, and in this eagerness the primeval forests are swept away, the bowels of the earth are punctured, and even on the remotest sea the observant eye detects the flutter of a sail. The watchword is energy, the goal is success, but in the fever of modern enterprise a moment's rest can do no harm. We must not only acquire, we must retain. We must not only learn, we must remember. The newest is not

always the best. The date or lustre of the coin does not determine its metal. The substance may be plain and unobtrusive and still be gold. Whoever chooses without a proper test may die both a pauper and a fool. The paintings of recent times have evoked the praise of critics, and yet thousands still pay their homage to an older genius. Modern literature is ablaze with beauty and with power, and yet millions are still going to one old and thumbworn text for their final consolation. (Applause.)

Remembering the force of these examples, it will be profitable sometimes to step one side for the serious contemplation of rugged, lasting qualities, in whatever age or garb they have appeared. The hero of an hour will pass as quickly as he came. The flashlight will dazzle and blind, but when the eyes are rubbed the impression has passed away, but the landscape that comes slowly into view with the rising sun, growing more resplendent and distinct with his ascending power, and fading gently from the vision at the approach of night, will remain in the mind forever to illuminate, to strengthen and to cheer. And men are like impressions. There are more examples of the flashlight kind than there are fireflies on a summer's night (laughter), but there is no nobler representative of the enduring and immortal than he in whose name this event is celebrated. (Applause.) Whoever imparts a new view of his character must tell it to the newborn, to whom all things are new, for to the intelligent and mature his name and virtues have been long familiar. His was the power that commanded admiration and the humanity that invited love; mild but inflexible, just but merciful, great but simple, he possessed a head that commanded men and a heart that attracted babes. (Applause.) His conscience was strong enough to bear continual use. (Cries of "Good!" and applause.) It was not alone for public occasions nor great emergencies. It was never a capital, but always a chart. It was never his servant, to be dismissed at will, but his companion, to be always at his side. It was with him, but never behind him, for he knew that a pursuing conscience is an accuser, and not a guide, and brings remorse instead of comfort. (Applause.) His greatness did not depend upon his title, for greatness was his when the title was bestowed. He leaned upon no fiction of aristocracy, and kissed no hand to obtain his rank, but the stamp of nobility and power which he wore was conferred upon him in that log hut in Kentucky that day in 1809 when the eyes that first beheld that sad and homely face were the eyes of Nancy Hanks—(applause)—and it was conferred by a power which, unlike earthly potentates, never confers a title

without a character that will adorn it. When we understand the tremendous advantages of a humble birth, when we realize that the privations of youth are the pillars of strength to maturer years, then we shall cease to wonder that out of such obscure surroundings as watched the coming of Abraham Lincoln should spring the colossal and supreme figure of modern history.

Groves are better than temples, fields are better than gorgeous carpetings, rail fences are better than lines of kneeling slaves, and the winds are better than music if you are raising heroes and founding governments. (Applause.)

Those who understand these things and have felt the heart of nature beat will not wonder that this man could stand the shock and fury of war, and yet maintain that calm serenity which enabled him to hear above the roar of the storm that enveloped him the low, smothered cry that demanded the freedom of a race.

If you look for qualities that dazzle and bewilder you must seek them elsewhere than in the character of Abraham Lincoln. It was not by show or glitter, or by sound, that the great moments of history were marked and the great deeds of mankind were wrought. The color counts for nothing. It is the fibre alone that lasts. (Applause.) The precept will be forgotten unless the deed is remembered. The wildest strains of martial music will pass away on the wind, while the grim and deadly courage of the soldier, moving and acting without a word, will mark the spot where pilgrims of every race will linger and worship forever. (Applause.)

No character in the world more clearly saw the worth of substance and the mockery of show, and no career ever set in such everlasting light the doctrine that although vanity and pretence may flourish for a day, there can be no lasting triumph not founded on the truth.

The life of Lincoln moved upon that high, consistent plane which the surroundings of his youth inspired. Poverty is a hard but oftentimes a loving nurse. If Fortune denies the luxury of wealth, she makes generous compensation in that greater love which they alone can ever know who have faced privations together. The child may shiver in the fury of the blast which no maternal tenderness can shield him from, but he may feel a helpless tear drop upon his cheek which will keep him warm till the snows of time have covered his hair. (Applause.) It is not wealth that counts in the making of the world, but character. (Applause.) And character is best formed amid those surroundings where every waking hour is filled with

struggle, where no flag of truce is ever sent, and only darkness stays the conflict. Give me the hut that is small enough, the poverty that is deep enough, the love that is great enough, and I will raise from them the best there is in human character. (Applause.)

This lad, uncouth and poor, without aid or accidental circumstance, rising as steadily as the sun, marked a path across the sky so luminous and clear that there is not one to mate it to be discovered in the heavens, and throughout its whole majestic length there is no spot or blemish in it. (Applause.)

That love of justice and fair play, and that respect for order and the law, which must underlie every nation that would long endure, were deeply embedded in his nature. These, I know, are qualities destitute of show and whose names are never set to music, but unless there is in the people's heart a deep sense of their everlasting value, that people will neither command respect in times of their prosperity nor sympathy in the hour of their decay. (Applause.) These are the qualities that stand the test when hurricanes sweep by. These are the joints of oak that ride the storm, and when the clouds have melted and the waves are still, move on serenely in their course. Times will come when nothing but the best can save us. Without warning and without cause, out of a clear and smiling sky may descend the bolt that will scatter the weaker qualities to the winds. We have seen that bolt descend. There is danger at such a time. The hurricane will pass like the rushing of the sea. Then is the time to determine whether governments can stand amid such perilous surroundings. The American character has been often proved superior to any test. No danger can be so great and no calamity so sudden as to throw it off its guard. This great strength in times of trial and this self-restraint in times of wild excitement have been attained by years of training, precept and experience. Justice has been seen so often to emerge triumphant from obstacles which seemed to chain her limbs and make the righteous path impossible, that there is now rooted in the American heart the faith that, no matter how dark the night, there will somehow break through at the appointed hour a light, which shall reveal to eager eyes the upright forms of Justice and the Law, still moving hand in hand, still supreme over chaos and despair, the image and the substance of the world's sublime reliance.

I should not try, if all the time were mine, to present Lincoln as an orator, lawyer, statesman or politician. His name and his performances in the lines which he pursued have been cut

into the rock of American history with the deepest chisel yet made use of on this continent. (Applause.)

But it is not by the grandeur of his powers that he has most appealed to me, but rather by those softer, homelier traits which bring him down to a closer and more affectionate view.

The mountain that pushes its summit to the clouds is never so magnificent to the observer on the plain below as when by some clear and kindly light its smaller outlines are revealed.

And Lincoln was never more imposing than when the milder attributes of his nature came in view. He was genuine, he was affectionate, and after all is said and the end is reached what is there without these two? You may measure the heights and sound the depths; you may gain the great rewards of power and renown; you may quiver under the electric current of applause—the time will come when these will fall from you like the rags that cover your body. The robes of power and the husks of pretense will alike be stripped away, and you must stand at the end as you stood at the beginning, revealed. Under such a test Abraham Lincoln might stand erect, for no man loved the humbler, nobler traits more earnestly than he. Whatever he pretended to be, he was; genuine and sincere, he did not need embellishment. There is nothing in the world which needs so little decoration or which can so well afford to spurn it altogether as the absolutely genuine. Imitations are likely to be exposed, unless carefully ornamented. Too much embellishment generally covers a blemish in the construction. It therefore happens that the first rate invariably rejects adornment and the second rate invariably puts it on. The difference between the two can be discovered at short range, and safety from exposure lies only in imperfect examination. If the vision is clear and the inspection careful, there is no chance for the sham ever to be taken for the genuine. And that is why it happens that among all the forms of activity in this very active age no struggle is more sharp than that of the first rate to be found out and of the second not to be. (Laughter and applause.) It is easier to conceal what a thing is than to prove it to be what it is not. The first requires only concealment, the second requires demonstration. Sooner or later the truth will appear. Some time the decorations will fall off, and then the blemish will appear all the greater because of the surprise at finding it.

None have less to fear from such a test than Abraham Lincoln, and his strength in that regard arose, it seems to me, from the preservation through all his life of that fondness for his early home, of the tender recollections of his family and

their struggles, which kept his sympathy always warm and young. He was never so great but that the ties of his youth still bound him. He was never so far away but that he could still hear the note of the evening bird in the groves of his nativity.

They say the tides of the ocean ebb and flow by a force which, though remote, always retains its strength. And so with this man, whether he rose or fell, whether he stood in that giant-like repose that distinguished him among his fellow men, or exercised that unequaled power, which, to my mind, made him the foremost figure of the world, yet he always felt the tender and invisible chord that chained him to his native rock. In whatever field he stood he felt the benign and sobering influences of his early recollections. They were the rock to which he clung in storms, the anchor which kept his head to the wind, the balm which sustained him in defeat and ennobled him in the hour of triumph.

I shall not say he had his faults, for is there any hope that man will pass through this vale of tears without them? Is there any danger that his fellow-men will fail to detect and proclaim them? He was not small in anything; he was carved in deep lines like all heroic figures, for dangerous altitudes and great purposes. And as we move away from him, and years and events pass between us, his form will still be visible and distinct, for such characters, built upon courage and faith, and that loyalty which is the seed of both, are not the playthings, but the masters of time.

How long the names of men will last no human foresight can discover, but I believe that even against the havoc and confusion in which so many names go down, the fame of Lincoln will stand as immovable and as long as the pyramids against the rustle of the Egyptian winds. (Great applause and three cheers for ex-Governor Black.)

ADDRESS OF

HON. WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD

The Toastmaster: Ladies and Gentlemen, the great anti-slavery orator, Wendell Phillips, has had a large number of boys named after him, but none who has worn his great name more creditably than the next speaker who will address you. He hails from Vermont, that fine old State whose republicanism is as immovable as her granite hills, one of Vermont's justices, who has adorned the bench with ample learning and a character as spotless as the ermine. He is most welcome here in New York and at this social board. Coming to us with the laurels of an orator upon his brow, we greet him with pleasurable anticipations. He will speak to you on the career of Abraham Lincoln as compared with Wendell Phillips.

Gentlemen, I present to you Judge Wendell Phillips Stafford.

Mr. Stafford: Mr. President, Members of the Republican Club, and Fellow Guests, I thank you most heartily for this welcome.

We are met in memory of a great man and a great movement. It is always an impressive sight when an idea takes possession of a multitude and "wields the living mass as if it were its soul." We seem to watch the working of the invisible Power that brings all things to pass, and understand what Phillips meant when he said, "Marble, gold and granite are not real: the only actual reality is an idea." You may find no moral code in nature, no sign that she cares for man; you may regard the material universe as moving on its eternal way in sublime indifference to our brief concerns; but there is still a universe of thought, in which we live and move and have our being, and here ideas come forth at times like gods, shaping the destiny of the race. (Applause.) Every change in human affairs offers you a problem in the dynamics of thought.

Where will you look for the beginning of American independence? On the very threshold of the reign of George III, fifteen years before the Philadelphia declaration, James Otis, throwing aside the office of attorney general to plead the cause

of the people against the writs of assistance, builds an argument on the ancient principles of English law, that makes the right of the subject so clear, the usurpation of the king so apparent, that "in that hour," as John Adams declared, "the child Independence is born." The speech holds the Declaration in its bosom as the seed holds the harvest. The years between will bring nothing but illustration and confirmation to that great argument. But the Declaration itself was more than a declaration of independence; it was a declaration of freedom for all mankind. Sometimes it makes all the difference in the world what ground you take. The Revolutionists might have rested their case on the specific grievances alone; but, touched by the exalted mood of the age and borne by the spirit of prophecy beyond the limits of their own achievements, they invoked a principle that takes in the whole human race and runs from one end of time to the other. It will not do to turn technical lawyers and say the generalization was obiter dictum, unnecessary. It expressed the ideal of the nation. And if we do make our own ideals it is just as true that our ideals, once adopted, make us. "We hold this truth to be self-evident that all men are created equal." Who will calculate the potency of those words in the life of this people? Uttered in the hour of danger and coupled with that appeal "to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions," they became a part of the consciousness of the nation, like the vow of the ancient hero praying in the moment of his peril.

Independence won, the peril passed, should the vow be performed? But side by side with that stood another question: Should we continue to be a nation at all or crumble into colonies again? Slavery was here. Men thought it could not last; but it was here, and its protection was the condition and price of union. The price was paid. If you plant an acorn in a vase the acorn will die or else the vase will crack. The Declaration was planted in the Constitution. One was the real life of the people, the other was the form of government they had adopted. They were utterly inconsistent. The Declaration was freedom: the Constitution was slavery. The Declaration was duty: the Constitution was convenience. In the collision between them lay the whole tragedy of our first century. All the counsellings of commerce, prudence, material prosperity, were on the side of the Constitution; and there, too, was the deep and growing sentiment of nationality. On the side of the Declaration were the promptings of conscience, the ideals of freedom, the teachings of the heroic past. But if union without slavery seemed impossible in 1787 it seemed more so with every year that came

and went. How weak and futile appears now every attempt that was made to avert the coming catastrophe. As men are made up there was no help for it. You might as well think of recasting the fifth act of *King Lear* and letting the play end as a comedy. It can't be done. The drama must sweep on to its conclusion. The elements of tragedy are there. Treason and cruelty have done their work, and there is no stopping short of the heartbreak. So here: in the very fatality of the process lies its exceeding pathos. Never could there be a more startling proof of the iron text, "It must needs be that offenses come, but woe unto him by whom the offense cometh." There was the sacred instinct of national life on the one hand; there was the sacred call of freedom on the other. It seemed right that the nation should live; it seemed imperative that she should put away her reproach. (Applause.) And yet to do both appeared impossible.

There were really three factors. Here was slavery, not more strongly intrenched in the feudalism of the South than in the money interest and bigoted opinion of the North, allying itself with the doctrine of Calhoun and calling to its aid the political leadership that had its way at Washington for sixty years. Here was nationality: that reverence for the Constitution, not stronger in the North itself than in some sections of the South; that love of the Union that found its embodiment in Webster and its noblest voice in his "massive and sonorous" speech—the vast flood of patriotic sentiment, which, beginning far back in the depths of our history and rising year by year with the gathering strength of a splendid and aspiring people, at last poured its resistless tide across the continent (applause)—the patriotism that held the Union so dear that it defended slavery itself for the sake of the Union even while it loathed it in its heart. And here was abolitionism, the Declaration of Independence incarnate, the old irreconcilable conscience of New England, fearing not the face of man, ready to see the Union dissolved; yea, even demanding its dissolution that freedom might have way—beginning obscure and despised, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make straight in the desert a highway for our God!"

In the whole history of human thought there is nothing more thrilling and dramatic than the sight of abolitionism, that fierce flame of the spirit, piercing the inert mass, burning unquenchably through thirty years until it had divided North from South and brought them together with the crash of civil war, in the midst of which slavery itself went down to its own place. (Applause.) It ought to be enough to teach us once

for all that whatever powers hold sway in the world of matter, in the world of thought ideals of right and duty once aroused play with the dead weight of selfish opposition as the cyclone plays with a handful of withered leaves. (Applause.)

The abolitionist felt the supreme necessity of freedom. He could see no way to get rid of slavery except to divide the Union. The unionist felt the supreme necessity of union. He could see no way to keep the Union except to put up with slavery. The opportunity neither could find, slavery itself provided by throwing away its advantage and taking the hazard of war. One half the bow was union, pulling away from freedom. The other half was freedom, pulling away from union. Rebellion strung the bow and bent it, and the arrow struck the center—a free Union. (Applause.)

There has never yet been a philosopher wise enough to translate the universe into terms of thought. No single mind is ever great enough to hold in itself all the conflicting forces of a changeful period and see the end from the beginning. And if such a mind were possible it would be too great to take part in the contest. But I shall meet with no dissent here if I say that when we look for types of the tremendous forces we are recalling to-night we shall not find one that unites the love of union with the hatred of slavery like Abraham Lincoln (applause); and, not to question Garrison's claim to preeminence in the movement he set on foot, we shall need no finer, braver figure to stand for abolitionism than the great tribune of the people, Wendell Phillips. (Applause.)

A national hero has two careers. One ends at his death—the other begins there. Dying, his name becomes a spell upon the hearts of men. He passes into the very substance of their thought—material for history, poetry and art. So a great period. Closed and looked back upon it becomes in turn a source of inspiration. It yields itself to the plastic power of thought. We cannot add a single fact to the record: the story has been told a thousand times. It is our part to make the plain, familiar matter speak the lesson that can give it life, as St. Gaudens, in that immortal bronze, without idealizing a line, breathed into the coarse faces of the negro soldiers, no less than into the high-bred leader on his horse, the whole heroic spirit of the North!

Lincoln and Phillips—was ever a sharper contrast? Plebeian: patrician. The prairie railsplitter: the darling of fortune. Bits of learning picked out of a borrowed book by the flare of a pine-knot torch against the Latin school and Harvard College. Here a long, loose, gaunt, ungainly figure; there propor-

tions that matched the Belvedere Apollo point for point. On one side awkwardness which nothing but the dignity of a great soul saved from being ludicrous; on the other native ease that made "every attitude a picture, every gesture grace." A kind, homely, rough-hewn face beside a profile cut like a cameo—of classic purity and superb distinction. From one a voice that earnestness made harsh or even strident; from the other a voice with all the modulations of the flute and the thrill of the silver clarion when it would. Here was the simple strength of wise or witty thought in homespun words; there was the magical eloquence that led Emerson to say, "I would give a thousand shekels for that man's secret." In one, political ambition formed in boyhood and followed successfully through life; in the other, dedication to a cause that sealed every door of office against him. One the practical statesman, feeling the responsibility of power and working with the tools at hand slowly and patiently toward his large design; the other, the great agitator, not always seeking to be judicial, but pleading the cause of the down-trodden, lashing the sluggard and coward spirit of his time and quickening the public conscience to its work. (Applause.) In one, obedience to the Constitution that voted for the fugitive slave law; in the other, devotion to freedom that armed the runaway, and when he was retaken cried, "My curse upon the Constitution of these United States!" A view of duty that met rebellion with the words, "If I could save the Union without freeing a slave, I would do it; my object is to save the Union": a view of duty that avowed, "Acknowledge secession or cannonade it—I care not which. Only proclaim liberty throughout the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof." On one side a policy that finally put its hand to the proclamation because it thereby dealt the Confederacy a fatal blow; on the other, a policy that supported the Union because the Union had come to mean redemption for the slave. (Applause.)

Yes, the contrast is sharp, but the parallel is quite as clear and infinitely deeper. What they had in common is so much more than what they had apart that the differences are lost sight of in the larger view, as in the vast curve of the planet the Alps and the Rocky mountains disappear. The same confidence in the masses. "They always mean right, and in the end they will have the right." "You can't fool all the people all the time," was Lincoln's shrewd remark. "Take the first hundred men you meet in The Strand," said Phillips; "they will make as good a parliament as that which sits at Westminster." The same unquailing courage. The same tireless patience—"patience all the passion of great souls." The same transparent

honesty—it made Phillips fling the taunting truth in the face of the mob with perfect composure; it made Lincoln, the lawyer, sit dumb as a schoolboy that has forgotten his lesson when he found that the cause he had promised to plead was unworthy. The same deep love of liberty and hatred of oppression that made Lincoln just as glad as Phillips would have been when he could see a statesman's way to strike the shackles off. It spoke in Lincoln's mournful words in '58, "Douglass says he doesn't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down, but I do care." It spoke in Phillips's early vow, "I love these streets of Boston over which my mother tenderly lifted my baby feet, and if God gives me time enough, I will make them too pure to bear the footprints of a slave." (Applause.) The same complete consecration to the service of their time. The same inflexible allegiance to duty as it had been revealed to them. It led the prairie boy up to the place of power where his hand could bless the millions. It led the young patrician down to the side of his lowest brothers, and made him the mighty advocate of all the weak and wronged. Who asks now if Lincoln thought Phillips a fanatic? Who remembers now that Phillips once called Lincoln "the slavehound of Illinois?" What matter if they differed in life? In death they are not divided. The same great benediction of a people's love enfolds them both. (Applause.) Lincoln went to his grave followed by the blessings of the poor,

"To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation." Nineteen years later Phillips lay in state in Faneuil Hall, and hour by hour the motley crowd went by his coffin; the helpless outcast ones, the poor, despised, oppressed of every race and color, class and clime; the voiceless ones for whom he had been a voice, looking their last upon the silent face and feeling that their matchless champion was gone. Liberty, like wisdom, is justified of all her children. Rich, indeed, is the land that can point to two such sons and say, "Behold them. They are equally my own." (Applause.)

I do not claim that the Declaration has been fully realized in the life of the nation. I only claim that it is being realized and that in the end it will have its way. It is still a sad look southward—only less sad than half a century ago. We will not pretend that the negro is enfranchised; yet something has been gained; and if the auction block has disappeared, if labor is free, if a great white man may now sit at meat with a great black man and not lose caste thereby (applause), if the time is gone forever when a postoffice district could hold up the hands of the Federal government (applause), we owe it in some meas-

ure to Abraham Lincoln, and in some measure also to Wendell Phillips.

But it is said we have turned our back on the Declaration in the Philippines. If we have we shall pay dear for it. But thus far the American people have acted in the belief that they were carrying the Declaration there. (Applause.) It is not a question of law; it is a question of fact. Convince them that after the fall of Spain there was in those islands anything that could fairly be called a nation and they will say that our course was wrong. But they began in the belief that having destroyed the only government the islands had, it was our duty to keep the peace that freedom might have room to breathe; and they have gone on thus far in the conviction that our presence there in the person of a strong unselfish governor was the only way to make possible a nation of any sort, especially one that should be free like our own and independent if it chose. They have seen no escape yet from responsibility, and to their plain dealing minds responsibility and sovereignty go hand in hand. (Applause.)

But we must not shrink nor grow impatient if all we do is brought to the test of principle. When the ministers would tell Garrison that the Bible upheld slavery, his quiet answer used to be, "Then so much the worse for your Bible." He was right, for even the Bible must be judged by that moral sentiment to which it makes its appeal. Parties may come and go, but the Declaration will remain. Our policies may pass away, but its words will not pass away. Call it idealism, if you please; but do not think, because you can give it a name, you can deprive it of its power.

"For He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in His plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies,
Ere freedom out of man." (Applause.)

The best fruit of the anti-slavery conflict was free speech. We should be living under a practical despotism to-day but for men who persisted in expressing their opinions, no matter at what hazard, and in bringing the State itself to the test of free principles, though by so doing they shook the State to its foundations. Their message is: Public sentiment, the only basis of a free commonwealth. Welcome, then, every attempt, however mistaken, to throw light on the path before us.

We may fight like Berserkers for the opinions that possess us; but when it turns out that we were wrong may we be great

enough to rejoice in our own defeat. It was a brave man who said, "My country—may she always be right, but right or wrong, my country." (Applause.) Yet I venture to offer you a higher sentiment, the only one worthy of the men we honor and the ideals we serve—The right—may it always prevail, though under the flag of the foe. (Great applause.)

ADDRESS OF

HON. FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN

The Toastmaster: Ladies and Gentlemen, the next speaker of the evening was to have been Senator-elect Chester I. Long, of Kansas, but unfortunately his wife was taken seriously ill and on that account he will be unable to be with us to-night.

We will now hear from far-away Washington, a State which has only to live up to its name to meet the highest expectation. She has sent to represent her at this dinner one of the most gifted and popular of her sons. He has made a reputation as a public spirited, efficient and fearless official, a man of the people, and untiringly devoted to their interests. Because of these things and because he is a wise and witty speaker, you will all be glad to listen to him. I present the Hon. Francis W. Cushman, Congressman-at-large from the State of Washington. (Applause and three cheers.)

Mr. Cushman: Mr. President, and my Friends: I would indeed be unfeeling if I did not deeply appreciate this welcome which you have given me to-night. It is my unvarying course always to endeavor to make a conservative speech. However, to-night, as I cast my eyes around this room, I am almost inspired to make a speech to the gallery. (Applause and laughter.)

I come before you to-night with a degree of embarrassment that I wish I could bring fully home to each and all of you. Years ago when I was a child it was my pleasure to witness produced upon the stage the beautiful and romantic play of "The Gladiator," in which the Barbarian captive, clad in the skins from his native Thracian hills, was brought to Rome to fight in the arena. I feel to-night, coming to you with uncouth speech and Western ways, somewhat like the Barbarian when he stood before the gates of the Eternal City.

You have here a great and a mighty city, of which every American citizen is justly and duly proud, and we of the West are proud of you, and in our pride there is no alloy of selfishness. But in opening let me say just a word to you of the great West—and if ever the spirit of prophecy rested on my soul and

flowed from my lips, it does now. The great West has been peopled by an eager and anxious and patriotic band of men and women who are to-day filling up the great places of our nation. They have crossed the plains and spanned the mountains; they have blazed the pathway of civilization "Through the continuous woods where rolls the Oregon." They have planted the marts of trade where once was the red man's wigwam, and they have lighted the Western beacons of the Republic where once blazed his council fire. They are standing guard to-night with their faces turned toward the Orient, that theatre of the commercial transactions of the twentieth century.

You live on the Atlantic seaboard; I live on the Pacific. The sun rises to greet you from the midst of the lashing waves of the Atlantic, and he sends me his good-night by a gorgeous messenger that leaves his purple pathway stained across the placid waves of the Western ocean. At your harbor entrance stands a mighty statue, fashioned by the world's most famous sculptors and artists, but away out yonder, by my home, the gateways of our harbor are guarded by an imperial sentinel—a monument not built by human hands, old Mount Tacoma, that God Almighty reared from the plain, and who will lift his serene and snowy face to greet the morning sun and the evening star a thousand centuries after your monument has crumbled into dust and faded into myth.

The birthday of Abraham Lincoln! I seem to be standing to-night mute within the shadow of a mighty memory. On this day from out the shadows of the heroic past there falls across our pathway a human and heroic memory—too great for words, too grand for speech.

I will not to-night tell anew the tale of Lincoln's life. Thank God, that is unnecessary anywhere on earth where the blood of the white man flows. (Applause.)

The story of his life is a part of the common history of our Republic. It is written in the rents and scars of the nation's battleflags. We read its story in the mighty progress in this, the greatest of all nations. It speaks to us to-night from a new glory and a new light that shines on the darkened faces of an enfranchised race.

We read its pathos and its pain in the grizzled faces of that pitiful remnant of the Grand Army of the Republic—those who stood with Meade at Gettysbury, who fought with Grant at Shiloh, and who marched with Sherman to the sea. We see its sadness lingering to-night around 500,000 graves that lie on the hills and in the valleys, by the river and the sea, all over this mighty Republic.

Some of them lie sleeping in the great North, on the battle-field of Gettysburg, and that field is the greatest monument of their valor, and the song of their fame is as deathless as the human language. Some of them have lain down to their last rest in the faraway South, close by where the "Father of the Waters" joins the sea, and where the blooming cotton whitens all the land. Others of them lie sleeping on the coast of the great Atlantic, where the glitter of the rising sun as it falls on the sea brightens all their graves with an immortal and suggestive light. Others of them have lain down to their last rest away out yonder on the shores of the Western ocean, whose blue waves sing to them an endless and eternal requiem.

But wherever they are, with them one and all to-night rests the great and patriotic heart of a just and generous people who will forget them and their deeds never—never till the memory of Lincoln shall have faded into myth and the heroism of Grant shall live alone in fairy tales.

Perhaps it is not your duty nor my duty to say which one out of that great pantheon of American patriots is greater or less than any other, but with all due regard to the living and with equal justice to all the dead, I think I may say that there arose out of the smoke and ashes of that great civil conflict one character and one figure that looms greater and grander on our national horizon as time rolls on—Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.)

The applause that greets that name brings one thought to my mind: How easy it is to be patriotic about that which has passed forty years into history. How easy it is to be patriotic about Abraham Lincoln now—now that in the flight of time history has justified him and posterity has glorified him. But was he not in his lifetime abused and reviled beyond the power of human tongue to reutter? He was. Where, oh, where, are those now who villified and reviled him? No shaft marks their resting place. No tablet records their fame, and no niche in the nation's heart is sacred to their memory. (Applause.)

I sometimes think that the Democratic party has such a long range vision that they are only able to see the virtues of men long gone. I commend to their consideration, in their praise of Abraham Lincoln now, the lines of the poet:

"We felt thy worth, yet scarcely knew
How pure a light thy spirit shed
Until it faded from our view
And thou wert numbered with the dead."

Time rolled on and another great living patriot in the form and presence of William McKinley (applause) stood in the shoes of the dead martyr. While he was fashioning a policy for this nation that stood for liberty and enlightenment there roamed abroad over this nation a vast horde of claquers who defamed him while he was living. Where are they now?

I want to leave one word ringing in the ears of all of you to-night. For God's sake, remember this, if you forget everything else that I may say; remember this: That it is just as noble to uphold the hands of the patriotic living as it is to lay flowers on the graves of the patriotic dead. (Great applause.)

"For humanity sweeps onward;
Where to-day the martyr stands
On the morrow crouches Judas
With the silver in his hands.

"Far in front the cross stands ready
And the crackling faggots burn;
While the hooting mob of yesterday
In silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes
Into history's golden urn."

Since I was last in this great city President McKinley has passed from earth and to his reward. I speak of him with the trembling lips of one who knew him as a friend. That he was great in life was proved by his surpassing greatness in the hour of death, and the gentleness and sweetness of his last earthly utterances.

As the end drew near he saw the sun shining on the leaves without the window, and in their rustle he seemed to hear a message borne on unseen wings. He said: "Move my pillow, please, so I can see the leaves. How beautiful they are!" To-night his great soul is resting amidst the fadeless verdure of an eternal realm that sees no Autumn and knows no Winter. Like the children of God, we lift our wet faces and say as he said: "It is God's way. His will be done."

With the same courageous heart and the same simple faith with which he trod all of the paths of a troubled and tempestuous life he faced the grave. As he walked down to the Valley of the Shadow and his feet touched the icy flood of the dark river he trembled not, but sent one message of his love toward all the living, while his dull ear caught an echoing murmur of infinite

love from the Great Beyond, and on his pallid face there came a color and a light—a light never seen on land or sea—and God called him and he was not.

“Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me.
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

“But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam
When that which drew out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

“Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark.
And may there be no sadness or farewell
When I embark.

“For though from outer bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.”

I have been asked to-night to say a word or two regarding the Republican party. That is a mighty theme, my friends, to encompass within the period of this brief hour the record of forty years of unbroken glory.

The Republican party possesses in its ranks and on its rolls to-day the treasured names and idolized faces that have made the history of our nation both memorable and glorious. They have winnowed from the chaff of twenty centuries the good that has been born of fleeting time and myriad events.

And with no sordid thought of gain for myself or my party I say that it beats in every throb of my heart to-night that the greatest good, the grandest future and the most immortal destiny of our nation lies to-day with the Republican party. (Applause.)

I am proud to belong to a party that has a history and is not ashamed to rehearse it. I am glad I don't belong to a political organization that starts into each new campaign by trying to cover up and obliterate the crooked tracks that it made in the last.

Look back, look back, my countrymen, along the dim vistas and misty aisles of the past and see the record of the Repub-

lican party, indelible and glorious as the Milky Way athwart the heavens. Marked by monuments and by men produced and created in the times that tried men's souls!

The Republican party has carved its statues from dazzling and flawless marble and hewed the mighty monuments that mark its pathway from the solid rock. They stretch to-night along our backward pathway like a procession of indestructible pyramids. What heroic faces smile into our eyes to-night from out the misty past!

Abraham Lincoln, the very incarnation of the indestructible spirit of liberty—not liberty transformed into license, but liberty under the law. Abraham Lincoln, who hesitated not to govern one-half of this nation without the consent of the governed when they raised their arms against their government. (Applause.) Ulysses S. Grant, the greatest captain of all ages (applause) because he used war not as an end, but as a means to an end. He sleeps near the throbbing heart of our great Republic, and the only emblem or epitaph upon the tomb that guards his ashes is "Let us have peace."

John A. Logan, who left the halls of his country's Congress on foot and on the run, with a plug hat in one hand and a minie-ball musket in the other, for the battlefield of Bull Run. He returned not to the forum till the cannon had ceased to rumble on the field. I pass his statue daily in Washington City, and his bronze heroic features gaze down on me with unchanging grandeur in the sunshine and the rain. He sleeps near the heart of our nation, and his son fills a soldier's grave in the faraway Philippines, where he fell fighting for the same flag that his father fought for. (Applause.) And Mrs. Logan—may the God of the childless and the widow be with her in her heroic desolation!

James A. Garfield, who rose from life among the lowly and who filled on the battlefield and in the forum every duty of a soldier and a statesman—the second great martyr of our Republic.

James G. Blaine (applause), the man whose great patriotic heart beat in perfect time and thrilled the souls of all his countrymen with a deathless loyalty to all things American as eternal as the everlasting hills.

It was he who helped write on the statute books the substance of all the victories from Fort Sumter to Appomattox.

It was he who helped bring to perfection the great system of American protection; a system conceived in brains and founded on philosophy, the perpetuation of which has made this country one universal harvest field for every son of toil.

These are a few of the human and heroic figures that in times gone by have marshalled the ranks of the Republican party.

What of the Democratic party? What great names have they handed down to posterity in the last forty years that have marked and witnessed the nation's greatest progress? What statues mark their records? What niches hold their statues? What urns have garnered their ashes? What tablets record their fame, and what escutcheons record their deeds?

The only names they have handed down are those of Buchanan, Cleveland and Bryan!

A man said to me the other day: "Cushman, where does the Republican party stand to-day?" I will tell you where the Republican party stands. It stands beside the nation's industries, above our soldiers' graves, and underneath our country's flag. (Applause.) That is where the Republican party stands to-day. Our soldier boys have been brave enough to stand before the guns of the nation's enemies on the burning sands of Luzon, and surely we will be brave enough to stand behind them. If they were brave enough to stand before the mouths of the cannon abroad we will be brave enough to stand before the mouths of the nation's enemies at home! (Applause.)

The McKinley administration marked an era, not alone in American development, but in human history.

The McKinley administration was not the child of accident nor yet the apostle of expediency. It was founded on a great economic truth, the natural workings of which brought this nation to a perfect condition of prosperity that was as grateful as our former poverty and panics were odious.

The McKinley administration was more conspicuous in prosperity than in poverty; it was more conspicuous in energy than in idleness; it was more conspicuous in production than prolific in promises, and more conspicuous in patriotism than in partisanship; and in all these it was in direct and startling contrast to the record of the Democratic party, that never produced anything except a brilliant array of meteoric language and a variegated assortment of exploded ideas.

What has been the record of the Republican party upon the economic questions that have faced it in the years of its ascendancy? When Abraham Lincoln was laid in his grave this young nation stood with its youthful feet planted on a blackened and withered waste, desolated by the greatest war in human history, a federal treasury that contained little save the record of the nation's debt—a debt measured, if you please, not in millions, but in billions of dollars. During the following twenty-six years

that marked the ascendancy of our party we paid every year all of the interest on that stupendous debt, and, more than that, we paid a part each year of the principal; not only that, but we paid it in the best money known to man since the Israelites bought corn of the Egyptians. And, more than that, while we were paying that great debt we were lifting the nation and the individual upward and onward on the pathway of higher progress and prosperity.

Then, in 1892, the Democratic party came in. What did it do? I blush to tell it, but it is recorded in the annals of my nation on pages of shame. My God—what didn't they do? They took this nation at the very high tide of her prosperity, and in four short years they sunk her 262,000,000 of dollars in debt in a time of agricultural plenty and in a period of profound peace.

The wonder to me is not that a majority of the American people are Republicans, but I marvel in the light of my country's history that they are not all Republicans. When you read the platform of the Republican party you are reading the proof sheets of then unpublished American history.

When you read the Democratic platforms you are reading political fiction, and you are reading Baron Munchausen, Gulliver's Travels, and Hans Christian Andersen and the fairy tales of all American politics. (Applause and laughter.)

When you read the Republican platform you see the faces of Lincoln and of Grant; you read the emancipation proclamation; you read the Thirteenth Amendment. You hear the rattle of breaking manacles falling from the limbs of slaves. You hear the battle hymns of the Republic; you see the dignity of American labor, and see the glory of the Stars and Stripes.

When you read the Democratic platforms you see the faces of Jeff Davis, James Buchanan and W. J. Bryan. You hear the declaration of might against right. You read of the fugitive slave law and the bills of sale of a part of humanity. You read of secession and rebellion; you read of panic and disaster; you read of the repudiation of national obligations, and the hauling down of the American flag. (Applause.)

One night a few evenings ago as night wrapped her mantle around the earth I sat me down to read, and the first volume that my hand fell upon was a little volume containing the political platforms of all the parties of our nation from its beginning until now. It is a great revelation to any man to read that volume, I care not who he is.

As I read the history of my nation seemed to unroll before me as a scroll. From out the smoke of the embattled past I

saw the fair vision of freedom rise as rose the genii from the vase. All of my country's heroes and all her martyrs passed, before me in dim, solemn, silent review. I saw the slave in his manacles, the inhuman whip and the unholy auction block. I saw in my dream the blood run anew on the fields of Kansas in an effort to fasten slavery on that territory. I saw the Missouri Compromise wiped off the map. I saw the Democratic party with a slave in one hand and the Constitution in the other, claiming the right to the possession of one and the protection of the other.

I looked again, and in my dream I saw the face of John C. Fremont, and the patient, pathetic features of the immortal Lincoln. I looked again, and I saw the black man unbend from his wageless task and the light of freedom kissed his dusky features. I heard again, like the hiss of hate or the echo of treason, the calumny flung at the name of our first great martyr, and then I saw his ashes borne back to the great plains of Illinois, to sleep amidst his comrades and his countrymen.

I looked again, and I beheld the industries of my nation which had been devastated by war rise under the application of that splendid principle of protection to American industries. I saw in my dream the face of James G. Blaine—the Plumed Knight, the Navarre of America. May his great white plume be to us on all our future battlefields an oriflamme of war!

I saw McKinley enter the White House. Then I beheld, not the cloud of domestic strife, but of foreign war spread over the land, and I beheld again the call for volunteers, and then in my dream I saw a vision more beautiful than any painted by Angelo or carved by Phidias.

I saw two old men come forth, each from his own doorway, one facing the North and one facing the South; one bore in his hand an ancient musket with the bayonet gone, and the other a rusty sabre without a scabbard. As they beckoned there came forth from the field two bright and noble youth, who seized with eager clutch from those palsied hands those ancient implements of war, and as the two boys marched down the lane together the two old men looked eagerly after them, one shading his brow with a tattered and faded gray cap and the other with a Grand Army hat.

And I looked aloft, and lo! athwart the sky and above it all I beheld the bright, beloved angel of my nation unfold her white wings above a reunited country! (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF

HON. ROBERT W. TAYLER

The Toastmaster: Ladies and Gentlemen, it is an interesting circumstance that one of the honored guests on this occasion is a member of Congress from Ohio, who represents the district which was once represented by the greatly beloved and greatly mourned William McKinley. He was once a resident of our city, and the rule being that "once a New Yorker, always a New Yorker," he doubtless feels perfectly at home in the metropolis.

It affords me much pleasure to introduce to you to-night the Honorable Robert W. Tayler, from Ohio. (Applause and three cheers.)

Mr. Tayler: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, to be assigned to respond to the last toast of the evening, especially at the annual dinner of the Republican Club of New York, has in it a certain significance; either that the speaker is of so much consequence as that everybody will stay to hear him, or that what he says is of so little consequence that it does not make any difference what he says.

I congratulate my old friends of the Republican Club and my new friends, for the club has grown much since I belonged to it, on its great development and on the expression of its strength that we find here to-night, and I congratulate you not alone on the fact that you are about to take possession of a magnificent and commodious new club house, but that, in the language of your President, it is not only commodious, but that it also will have all the modern improvements.

A few days ago when a member of the speakers' committee from this club invited me to address you this evening I said to him, "This is the third time that at the eleventh hour I have been invited to address this club on such an occasion as this. I have declined under such circumstances twice and I intend to do so a third time." He told me that I would not have anything to do, and that my speech would be merely perfunctory, because, he said, we have a lot of orators who are ample to meet the occasion and satisfy the audience, and I said, "Who are they?"

"Why, first of all is ex-Governor Black." "Yes," I said, "I know Black. In the days of his callow youth he undertook to represent a district in Congress just as I was doing." "Well," he said, "Black has been working for thirteen months on a Lincoln speech and the time has come now when he has got to make it." (Laughter.)

After listening to that graceful and eloquent speech, the only observation I have to make is that I wish that in thirteen years I might produce its equal. (Applause.) And among the many beautiful things that he said and the cogent lessons that he taught I thank him for one thing, that he has not only reconciled me to poverty, but that he has made me ambitious to be and to remain poor. (Laughter.)

I was glad to know, as I have followed his career from the lofty place of Congressman down through the various grades to Governor of New York, that he has at last become a member of the bar of this city; it is the quickest and most successful descent in the history of man. (Laughter.)

Then, said my friend, "Somebody has discovered an orator up in Vermont, and we are going to bring him down to New York and have him make his metropolitan debut there,"—and he has done it. He has been graduated on the day of his matriculation (applause), and not only that, but he has taken a post-graduate course, and the Republican Club which alone has the authority has honored him with the degree of M. A.—Master of the Art of After-dinner speaking.

"Then," said my friend, "Long, of Kansas, will speak." "Well," I said, "Long won't be there. Long has just been elected to the Senate and there are too many people congratulating him down in Washington to permit him to leave those sylvan shades."

"And last, but not least," he said, "comes Cushman." Whether in Washington State or Washington City or New York, still—no, not still, never still, but always a Congressman-at-large. (Applause and laughter.) And he has not been here for over eighteen months. Will some kind gentleman continue to look after him.

The hour is so late that I shall not weary this audience as much as I had intended to do. I am going to say a few words about Stanton, but I want to make this suggestion entirely upon my own motion and not at the instance of the gentleman to whom I am about to refer, that a feature, a real feature of a Lincoln dinner from now on ought to be found in the life and character of Edwin M. Stanton; and there is no man in America so well fitted to tell you about Edwin M. Stanton as one who

was born in his town, who lived as his companion when young, and whose family were his friends—my friend, Colonel McCook. (Applause.) He is the man that can talk ex-cathedra about Edwin M. Stanton, and I am handicapped to-night because I dare not say much about what I don't know about Stanton in his presence.

But I thought as I listened to Governor Black on Lincoln and to Judge Stafford about Phillips and Lincoln, that their analyses of these two men and their relation to the great events of which they formed so mighty a part, exhibited, after all, the concrete relation of all of them to it in these few words: That in the great arena wherein the battle against slavery was fought Garrison was the agitator, Phillips was the educator and Lincoln was the dictator. (Applause.)

Following those who felt that independence in politics would accomplish little and never can accomplish more than the propaganda of idealism comes the man who does things, and that man was Abraham Lincoln. But with him, and necessarily with him, the exact complement of him, necessary to his career and to his accomplishment, was Edwin M. Stanton. (Applause.) I will not be charged with undue pride in my State when I say that he was a product, and a natural product of Ohio, and that when Abraham Lincoln, the gift of God to this country, was found wherever the greatest and best gift of God might chance to be found, and was lifted to the place of responsibility and power which the time and the occasion demanded, we found that his work could only be done by the assistance of five great sons of Ohio—Stanton, Chase, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. (Applause.)

And when you add to them the name of that great son of New York, William H. Seward, you have encompassed in your list all of the really great names that our great war period produced.

But Stanton was unique and more necessary to Lincoln than any of them, for his peculiar temperament in the War Office was the thing that was needed. The Providence that gave us Lincoln, with great and beneficent wisdom, gave us also Stanton. The gift of Lincoln would have been disappointing and might have been fatal if the tender heart in the White House had not been supported by a lion's heart and a Jovian nod in the War Office.

Stanton—strong, rugged, irascible, with a temperament that harassed all with whom he came in contact, was, in his temperament, as far removed from Lincoln as one man could be distinguished from another. He was a great lawyer. He was

a powerful and controlling character. Wherever his work was put he lived in an atmosphere of accomplishment. He sought and demanded and obtained results. He cared not what stood in his way; neither force nor persuasion, neither mercy nor charity in the last analysis moved that man. He knew nothing but to see and end and ride over every obstacle to accomplish that end; and we have it on the high authority of John Hay that never, from the day that Stanton entered Lincoln's Cabinet until the hour of Lincoln's death, did Lincoln falter in his fidelity to that great man. (Applause.)

We are all familiar with the qualifications that Lincoln put upon his affection for and his confidence in Chase and Seward, the other two great characters of his cabinet, but there are no such qualifications in his estimate of Stanton. He stood by Stanton from first to last, because he saw with his mighty soul and his broad view that Stanton's weaknesses were weaknesses merely of temperament, and that the strong, the courageous, the efficient, the forceful man was there to do his will and to do his duty; and, so discerning that, discerning that character of Stanton, and Stanton realizing that it had been thus discerned by his chief had the courage and the fidelity to his purpose and his duty to pursue it unflinching to the end; had it not been for that soul in the War Office, full of courage to strike down the hand that would thrust itself into the National Treasury, to paralyze political pulls, to push forward the generals in the field, to reach out for the result that he was seeking, the work of Abraham Lincoln would have been delayed, if, indeed, it had not been impossible of accomplishment.

And so, my friends, while he of whom I speak was not a man of high ideals, while he was not a man who, in any other great work, would have had the sympathy of his chief, yet the time and the occasion and the environment were to him suited, and he met all the emergencies and responsibilities of the hour.

When history—impartial history—shall come to be written of the great war period from 1861 to 1865, I feel—all men, I think, who have studied the character of Stanton and the history of that time must feel, that it will be written that the three great and overpowering figures of that great period, measured by their purpose and their accomplishments, were Lincoln and Grant and Stanton. (Applause.)

The Toastmaster: Gentlemen, on behalf of the Republican Club, I thank you one and all for your presence here to-night.

GUESTS OF THE LINCOLN DINNER COMMITTEE

Hon. DARWIN P. KINGSLEY

Hon. EDWARD T. BARTLETT

Hon. JACOB H. SCHIFF

Gen. JAMES S. CLARKSON

Gen. HENRY L. BURNETT

Hon. GEORGE W. WHITEHEAD

Hon. FRANCIS L. LORING

Lieut.-Gov. FRANK W. HIGGINS.

Hon. W. P. STAFFORD

Hon. ROBERT W. TAYLER

Col. JOHN J. MCCOOK

Hon. CHESTER I. LONG

Hon. LOUIS STERN

Ex-Governor FRANK S. BLACK

Hon. FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN

Hon. SETH LOW

Rev. WILLIAM MERLE SMITH, D.D.

Hon. J. SLOAT FASSETT

Hon. SCOTT FOSTER

Hon. FREDERICK S. GIBBS

Hon. JOHN R. VAN WORMER

Hon. MARSDEN J. PERRY

Hon. WILLIAM H. MCELROY

ONE hundred ladies were entertained at dinner in the foyer adjoining the Banquet Hall and afterward honored the diners with their presence in the gallery boxes and listened to the speeches.

The Souvenir of the occasion was a Gold Watch Fob, and the ladies were presented with a variety of articles in silver.

LADIES.

GUESTS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB,

ANDRUSS, MISS	Table No.	12
BATCHELLER, MRS. GEORGE CLINTON.....	" "	5
BERNARD, MISS.....	" "	8
BIRRELL, MRS. HENRY.....	" "	5
BILL, MRS. EDWARD W.....	" "	5
BONHEUR, MRS. LUCIEN L.....	" "	10
BOON, MRS. W. A.....	" "	7
BOULDIN, MRS. WILLIAM, JR.....	" "	7
BRENNAN, MRS. ISAAC BELL.....	" "	6
BURNS, MISS ELSIE E.....	" "	2
CALDWELL, MRS. ALEX.....	" "	5
CAMPBELL, MRS JAMES D.....	" "	4
COGSWELL, W. B. Guest.	" "	9
CARPENTER, PHILIP Guest.....	" "	4
CARPENTER, PHILIP Guest.	" "	4
COHEN, MISS ETTA S.....	" "	3
COOK, MRS. ALFRED A.....	" "	3
DAVIS, MRS. VERNON M.....	" "	6
DICKINSON, MRS. ASA A.....	" "	8
DEXTER, MRS. H. C.....	" "	2
ELLIOTT, MRS. H. S.....	" "	5
FEENEY, MISS SUSIE.....	" "	9
FOSTER, MRS. W. C.....	" "	11
FUCHS, MISS ANNA.....	" "	9
GREENBAUM, MRS. SAMUEL.....	" "	4
GALLAGHER, MRS. GEORGE B.....	" "	9
GILMAN, MRS. THOMAS P.....	" "	8
GOSSLING, MISS ANNA L.....	" "	8

GRUBER, MRS. ABRAHAM.....	Table No.	8
GRUBER, MISS.....	" "	8
HERZOG, MRS. PAUL M.....	" "	3
HIRSCH, MRS. MORRIS J.....	" "	6
HITCHCOCK, MRS. J. F.....	" "	5
HOLLANDER, MRS. JOSEPH L.....	" "	8
JACKSON, MISS GRACE.....	" "	11
JUDGE, MRS. FRANCIS W., JR.....	" "	12
KNAPP, MRS. LUCIEN.....	" "	2
KNOX, MRS. E. M.....	" "	1
KOCH, MRS. FRANK.....	" "	11
KUGELMANN, MRS. J. G.....	" "	1
LAUTERBACH, MRS.	" "	1
LAUTERBACH, MRS. (Guest).....	" "	1
LEAYCRAFT, MRS. J. EDGAR.....	" "	7
LEAYCRAFT, MISS.....	" "	7
LEWI, MRS. ISIDOR.....	" "	10
LOWENSTEIN, MISS B.....	" "	3
McCONAUGHY, MRS. JOHN.....	" "	11
McELROY, MRS. W. H.....	" "	1
McELROY, MISS	" "	1
McLEAN, MRS. DONALD.....	" "	7
MARCH, MISS MAE.....	" "	9
MARCH, MISS EUGENIE.....	" "	9
MARKS, MRS. E. D.....	" "	10
MARSHALL, MRS. LOUIS.....	" "	3
MEYER, MISS.....	" "	3
MONTAGUE, MRS. WILLIAM P.....	" "	11
NEWELL, MRS. E. A.....	" "	5
O'BRIEN, MRS. MORGAN J.....	" "	6
OLCOTT, W. M. K. (Guest).....	" "	8
OLCOTT, W. M. K. (Guest).....	" "	8
PATRICK, MRS. CHARLES H.....	" "	6
PERRY, MRS. MARSDEN J.....	" "	2
PLANT, MRS. HENRY B.....	" "	6
POSTLEY, MRS. CLARENCE A.....	" "	7

LADIES ATTENDING DINNER.

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RINDSKOP, MRS. CHAS. S.....	" " 3
ROSENDALE, MRS. S. W.....	" " 9
ROWAN, MISS KATHERINE.....	" " 5
SARLES, MISS SUSAN A.....	" " 9
SCHUYLER, MRS. JOSEPHINE.....	" " 11
SHAFFER, MRS. CHARLES A.....	" " 7
SCOTT, MRS. W. W.....	" " 10
SLEICHER, MRS. WILLIAM, JR.....	" " 10
SLEICHER, MISS MARY P.....	" " 10
SLEICHER, MRS. HARRIETT.....	" " 10
SLEICHER, MISS MARY P (Guest).....	" " 7
SKINNER, MRS. CHARLES R.....	" " 1
STERN, MRS. LOUIS.....	" " 1
STERN, MRS. S. H.....	" " 1
STERN, MISS IRMA R.....	" " 4
STERN, MRS. LEOPOLD.....	" " 6
TENNEY, MRS. CHARLES H.....	" " 6
WARING, MRS. ARTHUR B.....	" " 2
WEST, MRS. J. C.....	" " 11
WETMORE, EDMUND (Guest).....	" " 11
WETMORE, EDMUND (Guest).....	" " 5
WHITEHEAD, MRS. GEORGE W. (Guest).....	" " 4
WINDOLPH, MISS MILLY.....	" " 4
WOODWARD, MRS. JOHN.....	" " 4
VIELE, MRS. MAURICE A.....	" " 4
YEOMANS, MRS. GEORGE D.....	" " 4
YOUNGS, W. P. (Guest).....	" " 12

*MEMBERS OF THE
REPUBLICAN CLUB
ATTENDING THE
LINCOLN DINNER.*

ADDOMS, MORTIMER C.....	Table No. 10	
ALDRIDGE, GEORGE W.....	" "	22
ALVES, DUNCAN E.....	" "	25
AMES, LEONARD.....	" "	25
ANDREWS, HARVEY T.....	" "	A
ANDERSON, A. A.....	" "	1
APGAR, JAMES K.....	" "	23
ARMSTRONG, PAUL.....	" "	2
AVERY, SAMUEL P.....	" "	16
BACKUS, HENRY C.....	" "	41
BAKER, E. H.....	" "	24
BAKER, JOHN L.....	" "	4
BAILEY, EDWARD G.....	" "	44
BALLARD, CHARLES W.....	" "	41
BAMBERGER, IRA LEO.....	" "	12
BARSTOW, GEO. E.....	" "	14
BARTLY, FRANK W.....	" "	A
BARTLETT, EDWARD T.....	Guest	
BATCHELDER, WILLIAM W.....	" "	4
BATCHELLER, GEORGE CLINTON.....	" "	4
BECKER, JULIUS.....	" "	38
BECKETT, CHARLES H.....	" "	3
BEDELL, LOUIS.....	" "	35
BENEDICT, READ.....	" "	38
BERNHEIMER, JEROME.....	" "	46
BILLINGS, FREDERICK	" "	44
BILL, EDWARD W.....	" "	4
BIRCH, C. E.....	" "	28
BIRD, HARRISON KERR.....	" "	2

BIRRELL, HENRY.....	Table No.	2
BLACK, HON. FRANK S.....	Guest.	
BLANCHARD, JAMES A.....	" "	8
BLOCH, PHILIP.....	" "	32
BLOOMINGDALE, S. J.....	" "	0
BLOOMINGDALE, LYMAN G.....	" "	0
BLOOMINGDALE, JOSEPH B.....	" "	0
BLOOMINGDALE, E. W.....	" "	1
BOLLER, ALFRED P.....	" "	3
BONHEUR, L. L.....	" "	13
BOULDIN, WILLIAM, JR.....	" "	40
BOULTIER, A. J.....	" "	26
BOWNE, S. W.....	" "	5
BOYNTON, CHARLES H.....	" "	20
BROWN, ALBERT O.....	" "	36
BRADLEY, WILLIAM H.....	" "	24
BRAINARD, IRA H.....	" "	33
BRAKER, HENRY J.....	" "	20
BRENNAN, ISAAC BELL.....	" "	34
BREWER, REUBEN G.....	" "	23
BRINCK, CHARLES F.....	" "	4
BROOKFIELD, FRANK.....	" "	40
BROOKS, NICHOLAS.....	" "	11
BROWNING, WILLIAM H.....	" "	24
BRYANT, MUNROE B.....	" "	41
BRUSH, E. F.....	" "	34
BUCHANAN, EDWARD F.....	" "	36
BRUCE, W. LEWIS.....	" "	35
BULL, J. EDGAR.....	" "	36
BURNETT, GEN. HENRY L.....	Guest.	
CALDWELL, ALEX.....	" "	4
CAMPBELL, JAMES D.....	" "	18
CAMBELL, ALEXANDER D.....	" "	8
CANDEE, EDWARD D.....	" "	35
CANFIELD, A. L.....	" "	45
CANFIELD, VAN BACK.....	" "	45
CANFIELD, A. H. V.....	" "	45
CARLETON, B. G.....	" "	28
CARPENTER, PHILIP.....	" "	36

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CARR, W.....	" "	17
CHILDS, JAMES E.....	" "	7
CHACE, OLIVER M.....	" "	25
CHASE, WALDO K.....	" "	1
CLARKSON, JAMES S.....	Guest.	
CLARKSON, C. F.....	" "	46
CLARKE, JOHN PROCTOR.....	" "	8
CLEMENT, WALDO P.....	" "	7
CLOWRY, R. C.....	" "	39
COCHRANE, T. S., JR.....	" "	39
COGSWELL, W. B.....	" "	46
COLEMAN, JOHN C.....	" "	32
COMSTOCK, GEORGE CARLTON.....	" "	9
CONGER, HENRY C.....	" "	4
CONVERSE, EDMUND C. JR.....	" "	40
CONKLIN, EUGENE H.....	" "	4
COOK, ALFRED A.....	" "	30
CORKHILL, J. J.....	" "	2
CORSEY, WILLIAM S.....	" "	2
COSBY, ARTHUR F.....	" "	6
COYNE, EDWARD P.....	" "	3
CRANE, EDWARD N.....	" "	42
CRAWFORD, HANFORD.....	" "	47
CRAWFORD, FRANK L.....	" "	18
CROMWELL, DAVID.....	" "	23
CROSBY, C. H.....	" "	16
CRYAN, JAMES A.....	" "	A
CUSHMAN, HON. FRANCIS W.....	Guest.	
DANA, JOHN C.....	" "	19
DANENBAUM, M. C.....	" "	21
DANIELLS, A. L.....	" "	45
DAVIS, VERNON M.....	" "	12
DEEVES, RICHARD.....	" "	24
DEEVES, J. HENRY.....	" "	24
DEUEL, JOSEPH M.....	" "	5
DE MILT, HENRY R.....	" "	40
DE BAUN, EDWIN.....	" "	28
DEWING, LEONARD H.....	" "	38

DICKINSON, ASA A.....	Table No. 11	
DRAPER, CHARLES A.....	" "	7
DOWNING, AUGUSTUS S.....	" "	22
DUKE, W. BERNARD.....	" "	42
DUTTON, JOHN A.....	" "	3
DUVAL, H. C.....	" "	29
ELEBASH, CLARENCE E.....	" "	5
EINSTEIN, WILLIAM.....	" "	17
ELLIS, RICHARD.....	" "	36
ELLIOTT, H. S.....	" "	1
ESTABROOK, H. D.....	" "	39
EVANS, TALIESIN.....	" "	45
FASSETT, HON. J. SLOAT.....	Guest.	
FATMAN, MORRIS.....	" "	17
FELSINGER, WILLIAM.....	" "	33
FECHHEIMER, SAM.....	" "	30
FERGUSON, F.....	" "	47
FINCH, EDW. R.....	" "	44
FISKE, STEPHEN.....	" "	45
FITZGERALD, FRANK T.....	" "	32
FITCH, ASHBEL P.....	" "	12
FINDLEY, WILLIAM L.....	" "	6
FIRNBACK, LEWIS N.....	" "	14
FLETCHER, A. B.....	" "	15
FORD, JOHN.....	" "	1
FOSTER, HON. SCOTT.....	Guest.	
FOSTER, HERBERT W.....	" "	33
FOOTE, WALLACE T.....	" "	20
FOSTER, W. C.....	" "	40
FRARY, FRANK M.....	" "	25
FRIEDMAN, DAVE.....	" "	31
FRICK, JOHN.....	" "	41
FULLER, H. T.....	" "	48
FURLONG, CHARLES E.....	" "	11
GAMBIER, E. V.....	" "	29
GAINSBURG, I.....	" "	37
GALLAGHER, GEORGE B.....	" "	17
GANS, HOWARD S.....	" "	30
GARDNER, GEORGE A.....	" "	36
GARZA, EMATERIO DE LA.....	" "	3
GIBBS, FREDERICK S.....	Guest.	
GILBERT, A. S.....	" "	48

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GILLET, GEORGE M.....	Table No.	42
GILMAN, THOMAS P.....	" "	32
GLEASON, HENRY.....	" "	0
GOODHART, P. J.....	" "	17
GOULD, E. R. L.....	" "	6
GRANDIN, E. H.....	" "	42
GRAY, GEORGE R.....	" "	19
GRAVES, ROBERT.....	" "	12
GREENHUT, JOSEPH B.....	" "	0
GREENHUT, B. J.....	" "	0
GREENBAUM, SAMUEL.....	" "	9
GREENE, JOHN ARTHUR.....	" "	22
GRISWOLD, H.....	" "	17
GRUBER, ABR.....	" "	11
GUGGENHEIM, SOL.....	" "	37
HAGER, A. F.....	" "	36
HALDENSTEIN, I.....	" "	39
HALLEY, CHARLES V.....	" "	46
HALSTEAD, JACOB.....	" "	23
HALSTEAD, PEARSON.....	" "	26
HALLO, ARTHUR H.....	" "	47
HAMMOND, JOHN HENRY.....	" "	17
HARKER, JOHN.....	" "	38
HARDING, H. C.....	" "	38
HART, GEO. H.....	" "	14
HAVEN, HOWARD A.....	" "	7
HAVILAND, M. E.....	" "	33
HAYS, JAMES L.....	" "	19
HAYS, DANIEL P.....	" "	0
HAZEN, HENRY C.....	" "	42
HELLER, DAVID.....	" "	46
HIGGINS, HON. FRANK W.....	Guest.	
HILLMAN, WILLIAM.....	" "	36
HIRSCHBERG, M. H.....	" "	37
HIRSCHBERG, HARRY.....	" "	37
HIRSCHBERG, STUART.....	" "	37
HIRSCH, MORRIS J.....	" "	12
HITCHCOCK, JOHN F.....	" "	1
HEARST, HERMAN.....	" "	31
HEALEY, WARREN M.....	" "	21
HERSHFIELD, MR.....	" "	0
HERZOG, PAUL M.....	" "	30
HOGAN, CHARLES N.....	" "	0

HOLLANDER, JOSEPH L.....	Table No.	32
HOLDEN, WALTER	" "	46
HOLBROOK, WM. C.....	" "	47
HOOKE, WARREN B.....	" "	20
HOWARD, O.....	" "	38
HOWELL, JAMES E.....	" "	19
HUGHSON, WALTER.....	" "	33
HUNTER, R. H.....	" "	6
HUNGERFORD, H. H.....	" "	25
INNES, CHARLES.....	" "	46
JACOBS, EDWARD.....	" "	11
JANDRIN, J. E.....	" "	29
JENKINSON, RICHARD C.....	" "	19
JENKINS, JAMES H.....	" "	34
JENKINS, J. ALVA.....	" "	34
JONES, EDWIN A.....	" "	5
JUDGE, FRANCIS W., JR.....	" "	41
KATHAN, R. A.....	" "	22
KENYON, WILLIAM HOUSTON.....	" "	18
KENYON, WILLIAM HOUSTON (Guest).....	" "	18
KENYON, ROBERT N.....	" "	18
KETCHUM, A. P.....	" "	45
KING, JACOB A.....	" "	A
KIRKPATRICK, THOMAS.....	" "	16
KIRKPATRICK, JOHN.....	" "	16
KINGSLEY, D. P	Guest	
KNAPP, LUCIEN.....	" "	40
KNOX, E. M.....	" "	15
KOCH, FRANK.....	" "	42
KOHN, LEO.....	" "	31
KRAUS, MAX W.....	" "	13
KRIDEL, A. M.....	" "	1
KRIDEL, S.....	" "	1
KUGELMAN, J. G.....	" "	15
LAWRENCE, DUDLEY B.....	" "	40
LEARY, WILLIAM.....	" "	6
LEAYCRAFT, E. C.....	" "	20
LEAYCRAFT, J. EDGAR.....	" "	20
LEHMAIER, JAMES S.....	" "	1
LEHMAN, ARTHUR.....	" "	17
LEVENTRITT, DAVID.....	" "	12

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LEXOW, CHARLES K.....	" "	31
LIEPZIEGER, H. N.....	" "	15
LINK, DAVID C.....	" "	4
LIPPINCOTT, HAROLD E.....	" "	2
LITTLE, JOHN.....	" "	27
LITTON, JAMES.....	" "	38
LOCKE, CHAS. E.....	" "	14
LOCKE, SEYMOUR E.....	" "	14
LONG, HON. CHESTER I.....	Guest.	
LORING, FRANCIS L.....	Guest.	
LORING, FRANCIS L., JR.....	" "	3
LOUNSBURY, P. C.....	" "	29
LOUNSBURY, P. C. (Guest).....	" "	29
LOW, HON. SETH.....	Guest.	
LYONS, JERE C.....	" "	A
McCOOK, COL. JOHN J.....	Guest.	
McCOOK, PHILIP J.....	" "	13
McCOOK, ANSON G.....	" "	13
McCLURE, T. C.....	" "	22
McCONAUGHY, JOHN.....	" "	18
McCULLAGH, JOHN	" "	44
McENTYRE, GEORGE B.....	" "	39
McELROY, HON. WILLIAM H.....	Guest.	
McLEWEE, FREDERICK C.....	" "	7
McKEEN, JAMES.....	" "	6
McLEAN, DONALD.....	" "	40
McMILLAN, SAMUEL	" "	32
McWHIRTER, HUGH L.....	" "	35
MACK, WILLARD B.....	" "	16
MANCHESTER, GEORGE R.....	" "	2
MARSHALL, LOUIS.....	" "	30
MARKS, E. B.....	" "	13
MARCH, JAMES E.....	" "	17
MARSHALL, J. D.....	" "	22
MASON, WALTER.....	" "	16
MASON, ALEX. T.....	" "	13
MASON, M. D.....	" "	9

MAASS, CHARLES O.....	Table No.	32
MASTICK, SEABURY C.....	" "	A
MATTICE, BURR.....	" "	11
MAXWELL, WILLIAM J.....	" "	27
MAYER, LOUIS.....	" "	11
MEGEATH, GEO. W.....	" "	14
MELVILLE, HENRY.....	" "	39
MERRITT, W. JENKS.....	" "	10
MERRILL, W. F.....	" "	7
MERRIAM, ALFRED B.....	" "	26
MERRIAM, CHARLES E.....	" "	26
MERRIAM, WALTER B.....	" "	26
MEYER, EUGENE, JR.....	" "	30
MILBANK, JOSEPH.....	" "	10
MILLIGAN, FRED P.....	" "	27
MILLER, S. H.....	" "	25
MILLER, SAMUEL C.....	" "	23
MILLER, E. M. F.....	" "	29
MITCHELL, W. A.....	" "	18
MONTAGUE, WILLIAM P.....	" "	42
MORGAN, ROLLIN M.....	" "	27
MORAN, WILLIAM J.....	" "	6
MORRIS, ROBERT C. (Guest).....	" "	9
MORRIS, ROBERT C. (Guest).....	" "	9
MORRIS, ROBERT C.....	" "	9
MORRIS, NEWBOLD	" "	44
MOTT, CHARLES E.....	" "	34
MOYNIHAN, BARTHOLOMEW.....	" "	11
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MURPHY, EDGAR.....	" "	2
MURRAY, DR. ROBERT A.....	" "	42
MURRAY, JOSEPH.....	" "	18
NEWBURGER, J. E.....	" "	15
NEWELL, E. A.....	" "	8
NEWTON, ROLLIN C.....	" "	33
NISSSEN, LUDWIG.....	" "	20
NORTH, F. M.....	" "	5
NORTON, A. B.....	" "	28
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MEMBERS ATTENDING DINNER.

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O'GORMAN, JAMES A.....	" "	8
O'CONNOR, JOHN W.....	" "	47
OCHS, A. S.....	" "	15
ODELL, HAMILTON.....	" "	8
OLCOTT, J. VAN V.....	" "	32
OLCOTT, W. M. K.....	" "	11
OPPENHEIMER, SOL.....	" "	37
OPDYKE, L. A.....	" "	28
OMMEN, ALFRED E.....	" "	34
OTIS, NORTON P.....	" "	23
OTTINGER, ALBERT.....	" "	13
PATTERSON, C. GODFREY.....	" "	45
PALMER, APPLETON D.....	" "	3
PATRICK, CHARLES H.....	" "	1
PERRY, HON. MARSDEN J.....	Guest.	
PINNEY, GEORGE M., JR.....	" "	39
PIERCY, HENRY CLAY.....	" "	2
PORTER, EUGENE H.....	" "	5
PORTER, WILLIAM H.....	" "	10
POSTLEY, CLARENCE A.....	" "	40
POST, HENRY C.....	" "	33
POTTER, R. P.....	" "	48
PLUNKETT, WM. B.....	" "	14
PRAGER, A. J.....	" "	12
PRETZFELD, H. F.....	" "	13
PRATT, H. J.....	" "	26
RAU, SEYMOUR L.....	" "	36
REMER, F. J.....	" "	38
REYNOLDS, JAMES B.....	" "	1
RHEIN, MEYER L.....	" "	13
RHOADES, BRADFORD.....	" "	23
RICH, ADELBERT.....	" "	3
RICHARD, EDWIN A.....	" "	12
RICHARDS, PHILIP V.....	" "	36
ROACH, STEPHEN W.....	" "	16
ROBERTS, G. W.....	" "	28
ROGERS, W. H., JR.....	" "	25
ROGERS, JAMES H.....	" "	3

ROGERS, O. H.....	Table No.	3
ROSENDALE, S. W.....	" "	30
ROSENFELD, E. I.....	" "	46
ROSENFELD, GEORGE.....	" "	30
ROSENSTOCK, EDGAR.....	" "	21
ROWE, GILBERT A.....	" "	47
RUSSELL, HERMAN.....	" "	47
SACHS, SAMUEL.....	" "	9
SACHS, T. J.....	" "	46
SACKETT, HENRY W.....	" "	23
SAXE, MARTIN.....	" "	48
SCHANTZ, PHILLIP.....	" "	26
SCHICKEL, WILLIAM.....	" "	15
SCHURMAN, GEORGE W.....	" "	33
SCHWARZENBACH, ROBERT.....	" "	22
SCOTT, E. W.....	" "	29
SEE, JOSEPH B.....	" "	23
SEFERT, C. L.....	" "	27
SELIGMAN, ISAAC N.....	" "	20
SELIGMAN, MAURICE.....	" "	27
SHEFFIELD, JAMES R.....	" "	6
SHERMAN, ROGER M.....	" "	23
SHEPARD, JOHN L.....	" "	41
SCHIFF, HON. JACOB H.....	Guest.	
SHONGOOD, CHARLES.....	" "	31
SHONGOOD, JULIUS.....	" "	31
SHAFER, CHARLES A.....	" "	18
SKINNER, CHARLES R.....	" "	22
SLADE, FREDERICK A.....	" "	4
SLEICHER, WILLIAM, JR.....	" "	20
SLEICHER, JOHN A.....	" "	20
SLINGERLAND, GEORGE W.....	" "	2
SMYTH, HERBERT C.....	" "	5
SMITH, REV. WILLIAM MERLE.....	Guest.	
SMITH, GEORGE L.....	" "	19
SMITH, ALFRED G.....	" "	16
SMITH, JAMES A.....	" "	41
SPENCER, THOMAS P.....	" "	33
STADLER, CHARLES A.....	" "	8
STAFFORD, HON. W. P.....	Guest.	
STERN, LOUIS.....	Guest	
STERN, LEOPOLD.....	" "	9

MEMBERS ATTENDING DINNER.

59

STERN, MELVILLE A.....	Table No.	18
STOVER, M. L.....	" "	10
STOVER, M. L. (Guest).....	" "	10
STODDARD, HENRY L.....	" "	3
STRASBOURGER, SAMUEL.....	" "	A
STUART, H. C.....	" "	9
STERNBACH, S. M.....	" "	0
STROBRIDGE, GEORGE E.....	" "	24
STUART, LINCOLN A.....	" "	A
STURGIS, THOMAS.....	" "	6
SWORDS, HENRY L.....	" "	2
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TASKER, FRED. A.....	" "	39
TAYLER, HON. ROBERT W.....	Guest.	
TENNEY, CHARLES H.....	" "	34
TEN EYCK, JAY C.....	" "	19
TEN EYCK, ROBERT.....	" "	31
THAYER, GEO. W.....	" "	47
THOMAS, ORLANDO F.....	" "	39
THOMAS, HERBERT F.....	" "	39
THOMAS, AARON S.....	" "	7
TILFORD, FRANK.....	" "	5
TREAT, CHARLES H.....	" "	3
TREMAIN, CHARLES.....	" "	25
TUCKER, E. G.....	" "	34
ULLMANN, FREDERICK	" "	8
VALENTINE, JAMES.....	" "	19
VAN DEN BURG, W. H.....	" "	28
VAN DEUSEN, C. V.....	" "	44
VAN WORMER, HON. JOHN R.....	Guest.	
VARNUM, JAMES M.....	" "	32
VIETOR, GEORGE F.....	" "	12
VROOMAN, JOHN W.....	" "	29
WAKELEY, W. A.....	" "	28
WALDMAN, LOUIS I.....	" "	35
WAKEMAN, W. F.....	" "	22
WALLACE, H. T.....	" "	14
WALLACE, EARNEST H.....	" "	A
WALTER, WILLIAM J.....	" "	1
WANDLING, JAMES L.....	" "	33

WANMAKER, GEORGE W.....	Table No.	34
WARD, W. L.....	" "	9
WARING, ARTHUR B.....	" "	34
WATSON, A. W.....	" "	15
WEEKES, JOHN A.....	" "	2
WEST, WILLIAM T.....	" "	24
WEST, JOHN C.....	" "	38
WELLS, JAMES, L.....	" "	A
WENTWORTH, THOMAS F.....	" "	7
WERNER, HAROLD.....	" "	9
WETMORE, EDMUND.....	" "	10
WHITE, LEWIS M.....	" "	31
WHITMAN, CHARLES S.....	" "	6
WHITMAN, I. A.....	" "	16
WHITEHEAD, HENRY H.....	" "	27
WHITEHEAD, HON. GEO. W.....	Guest.	
WILBUR, MYRON.....	" "	27
WILEY, E. M.....	" "	38
WILEY, LOUIS.....	" "	21
WILEY, E. M. (Guest).....	" "	2
WILEY, E. M. (Guest).....	" "	2
WILEY, E. M. (Guest).....	" "	2
WILEY, E. M. (Guest).....	" "	2
WILSON, J. O.....	" "	24
WILSON, THOMAS, JR.....	" "	21
WILSON, HENRY R.....	" "	5
WILSON, FREDERICK H.....	" "	2
WILLCOX, WILLIAM R.....	" "	5
WILLIAMS, J. CASTREE.....	" "	8
WINDOLPH, J. P.....	" "	44
WORTH, FREDERICK.....	" "	11
WOODWARD, JOHN.....	" "	35
YOUNG, CHARLES W.....	" "	26
YOUNG, W. P.....	" "	48
YEREANCE, JAMES.....	" "	13
YEOMANS, GEORGE D.....	" "	35
ZELLER, LORENZ.....	" "	32
ZUCKER, PETER.....	" "	37

OCCUPANTS OF BOXES.

Box No.

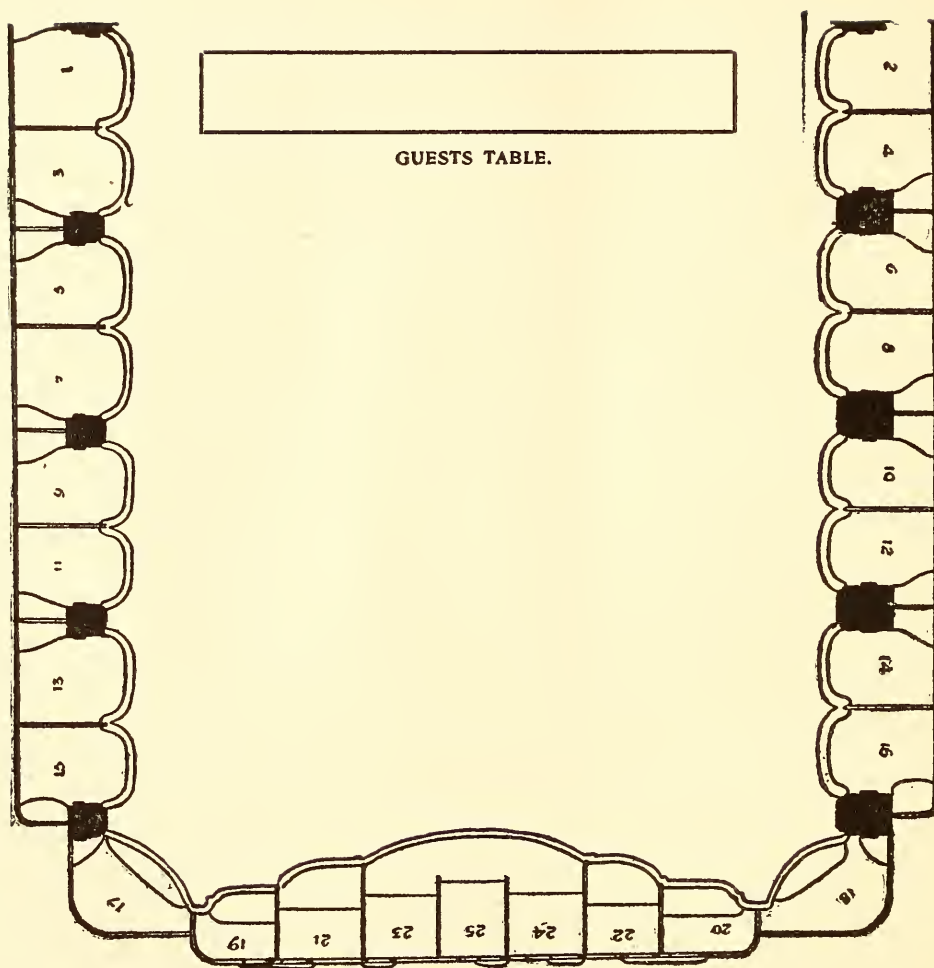
1. Mrs. Leopold Stern.
Mrs. Samuel Greenbaum.
Mrs. George C. Comstock.
3. Francis L. Loring.
5. Mrs. Alexander Caldwell.
Mrs. Edward W. Bill.
Mrs. George Clinton Batch-
eller.
7. Mrs. Henry Birrell.
Miss Sarles.
Mrs. George W. Whitehead.
9. Mrs. W. Jenks Merritt.
11. Miss Mae March.
Miss Eugenia March.
Mrs. George B. Gallagher.
Mrs. Katherine Rowan.
Miss Susie Feeney.
Miss Anna Fuchs.
Mrs. Josephine Schuyler.
W. B. Cogswell.
13. Hon. Chester I. Long.
15. Philip Carpenter.
Mrs. James D. Campbell.
Mrs. Maurice A. Viele.
Mrs. John Woodward.
Mrs. George D. Yeomans.
Miss Milly Windolph.
17. Mrs. Louis Marshall.
Mrs. S. W. Rosendale.
Mrs. Paul M. Herzog.
Mrs. Chas. S. Rindskopf.
Mrs. Alfred A. Cook.
Miss Etta S. Cohen.
Miss B. Lowenstein.
Miss Meyer.
19. Mrs. J. Edgar Leaycraft.
Miss Leaycraft.
Mrs. Donald McLean.
Mrs. Clarence A. Postley.
Mrs. William Bouldin, Jr.
Mrs. Charles R. Skinner.
Mrs. W. W. Scott.
Mrs. W. A. Boon.
21. Mrs. Lucien Knapp.
Mrs. John C. West.
Mrs. H. C. Dexter.
Miss Elsie E. Burns.
E. M. Wiley.
23. Mrs. Morris J. Hirsch.
Mrs. Morgan J. O'Brien.
Mrs. Henry B. Plant.
Mrs. Vernon M. Davis.
25. Col. John J. McCook.

Box No.

2. Mrs. Charles H. Patrick.
W. P. Youngs.
Mrs. Francis W. Judge, Jr.
Miss Andruss.
4. Mrs. J. F. Hitchcock.
Mrs. H. S. Elliott.
6. Mrs. Louis Stern.
Mrs. S. H. Stern.
Mrs. W. H. McElroy.
Miss McElroy.
8. Mrs. E. M. Knox.
Mrs. J. G. Kugelmann.
Miss Irma R. Stern.
Mrs. Lauterbach.
Mrs. Lauterbach, Guest.
10. Mrs. Charles H. Treat.
Miss Mabel H. Treat.
Miss Gail A. Treat.
Miss Gertrude M. Treat.
12. William C. Beer.
14. Mrs. Arthur B. Waring.
Mrs. Isaac Bell Brennan.
Mrs. Charles H. Tenney.
16. Mrs. E. A. Newell.
Mr. Chas. A. Newell.
Mrs. Chas. A. Newell.
Mrs. John Sabine Smith.
18. Mr. John D. Slayback.
Mrs. John D. Slayback.
Mr. Edward F. Slayback.
Miss Edith Slayback.
20. Edmund Wetmore.
Mrs. Frank Koch.
Mrs. W. P. Montague.
Mrs. W. C. Foster.
Mrs. John McConaughy.
Miss Grace Jackson.
Mrs. Charles A. Schafer.
22. Mrs. William Sleicher, Jr.
Miss Mary P. Sleicher.
Miss Harriet Sleicher.
Mrs. Isidor Lewi.
Mrs. Lucien L. Bonheur.
Mrs. E. B. Marks.
24. Mrs. Abraham Gruber.
Miss Gruber.
Mrs. Asa D. Dickinson.
Miss Bernard.
W. M. K. Olcott.
Mrs. Theodore P. Gilman.
Mrs. Joseph L. Hollander.
Miss Anna L. Goessling.

DIAGRAM
OF
BOXES
AND
BANQUET TABLES

DIAGRAM OF BOXES.



LADIES' TABLES.

1

5

9

2

6

10

3

7

11

4

8

12

GRAND BALL ROOM TABLES.

A	GUEST TABLE					O
1	2	3	4	5	6	
7	8	9	10	11	12	
13	14	15	16	17	18	
19	20	21	22	23	24	
25	26	27	28	29	30	
31	32	33	34	35	36	
37	38	39	40	41	42	
PRESS	44	45	46	47	48	

MENU

Feuilles de Laitue, Suédoise

Huîtres

Potage Lemardelais

Crème d'Artichauts

Radis

Olives

Céleri

Amandes Salées

Filet de Bass à la Grand Duc

Tomates Farcies aux Concombres

Ris de Veau à la Toulouse

Carré d'Agneau rôti en Casserole

Petits Pois à la Française

Asperges Oyster Bay, Sauce Hollandaise

Sorbet de Fantaisie

Canard tête Rouge

Salade de Saison

Glaces de Fantaisie

Petits Fours

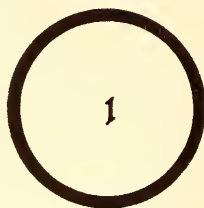
Café

Fruits

G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry, \$4.00
Apollinaris, \$0.40

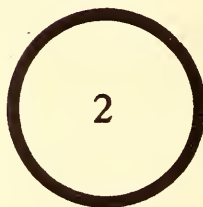
LADIES' TABLES

Mrs. Louis Stern.
Mrs. S. H. Stern.
Mrs. E. M. Knox.
Mrs. J. G. Kugelmann.



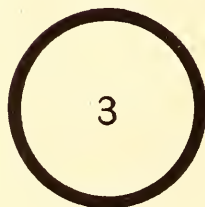
Mrs. W. H. McElroy.
Miss McElroy.
Miss Irma R. Stern.
Mrs. Lauterbach.
Mrs. Lauterbach, Gst.

Mrs. Lucien Knapp.
Mrs. John C. West.
Mrs. H. C. Dexter.
Miss Elsie E. Burns.



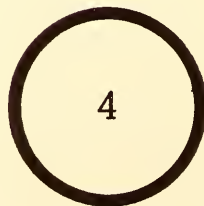
E. M. Wiley, Guest.
E. M. Wiley, Guest.
E. M. Wiley, Guest.
E. M. Wiley, Guest.

Mrs. Paul M. Herzog.
Mrs. Louis Marshall.
Mrs. S. W. Rosendale.
Mrs. Chas. S. Rindskopf.



Mrs. Alfred A. Cook.
Miss Etta S. Cohen.
Miss B. Lowenstein.
Miss Meyer.

Mrs. Leopold Stern.
Mrs. Samuel Greenbaum.
Mrs. James D. Campbell.
Mrs. Maurice A. Viele.
Mrs. Geo. C. Comstock.



Miss Milly Windolph.
Philip Carpenter, Gst.
Philip Carpenter, Gst.
Mrs. John Woodward.
Mrs. George D. Yeomans.

Mrs. Alexander Cald-
well.
Mrs. Edward W. Bill.
Mrs. Henry Birrell.
Miss Sarles.
Mrs. John Sabine
Smith.



Mrs. E. A. Newell.
Mrs. J. F. Hitchcock.
Mrs. H. S. Elliott.
Mrs. George Clinton
Batcheller.
Mrs. Geo. W. White-
head.

Mrs. Arthur B. War-
ing.
Mrs. Isaac Bell Bren-
nan.
Mrs. Charles H. Ten-
ney.



Mrs. Morgan J.
O'Brien.
Mrs. Henry B. Plant.
Mrs. Vernon M. Davis
Mrs. Morris J. Hirsch.
Mrs. Chas. H. Patrick.

Mrs. J. Edgar Leay-
craft.
Miss Leaycraft.
Mrs. Donald McLean.
Mrs. Clarence A. Post-
ley.



Mrs. Wm. Bouldin, Jr.
Mrs. Charles R. Skin-
ner.
Mrs. W. W. Scott.
Mrs. W. A. Boon.

Mrs. Abraham Gruber.
Miss Gruber.
Mrs. Asa D. Dickin-
son.
Miss Bernard.
W. M. K. Olcott, Gst.



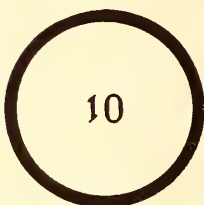
W. M. K. Olcott, Gst.
Mrs. Theodore P. Gil-
man.
Mrs. Joseph L. Hol-
lander.
Miss Anna L. Goess-
ling.

Miss Mae March.
Miss Eugenia March.
Mrs. George B. Gal-
lagher.
Miss Katherine Rowan



Miss Susie Feeney.
Miss Anna Fuchs.
Mrs. Josephine Schuy-
ler.
W. B. Cogswell, Gst.

Mrs. William Sleicher,
Jr.
Miss Mary P. Sleicher.
Miss Mary P. Sleicher,
Guest.



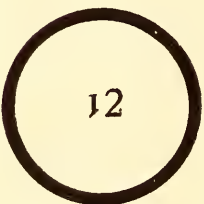
Miss Harriet Sleicher.
Mrs. Isidor Lewi.
Mrs. Lucien L. Bon-
heur.
Mrs. E. B. Marks.

Edmund Wetmore, Gst
Edmund Wetmore, Gst
Mrs. Frank Koch.
Mrs. W. P. Montague.



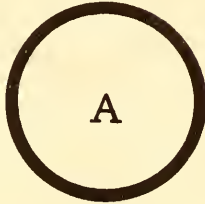
Mrs. John McCon-
aughy.
Mrs. Charles A. Shafer.
Miss Grace Jackson.
Mrs. W. C. Foster.

W. P. Youngs, Guest.
Mrs. Francis W.
Judge.
Miss Andruss.



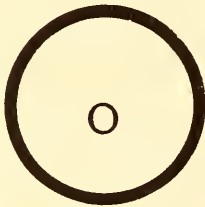
MEMBERS' TABLES

Samuel Strasbourger.
Harvey T. Andrews.
Seabury C. Mastick.
James A. Cryan.
Lincoln A. Stuart.



James L. Wells.
Frank W. Bartly.
Earnest H. Wallace.
Jacob A. King.
Jere C. Lyons.

Lyman G. Bloomingdale.
Joseph B. Bloomingdale.
Daniel P. Hays.
Mr. Hershfield.



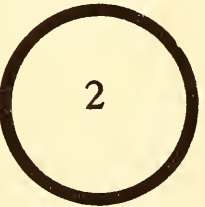
Joseph B. Greenhut.
B. J. Greenhut.
Charles M. Hogan.
S. J. Bloomingdale.
S. M. Sternbach.
Henry Gleason.

John F. Hitchcock.
H. S. Elliott.
E. W. Bloomingdale.
William J. Walter.
James S. Lehmaier.
John Ford.



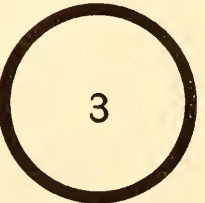
A. M. Kridel.
S. Kridel.
James B. Reynolds.
Charles H. Patrick.
Waldo K. Chase.

Henry Birrell.
Henry L. Swords.
Paul Armstrong.
George R. Manchester.
J. J. Corkhill.
John A. Weekes.
A. A. Anderson.



Harold E. Lippincott.
Fred. H. Wilson.
Harrison Kerr Bird.
William S. Corsey.
Henry Clay Piercy.
Geo. W. Slingerland.
Edgar Murphy.

Charles H. Treat.
Alfred P. Boller.
Appleton D. Palmer.
John A. Dutton.
Charles H. Beckett.
Adelbert P. Rich.
Edward P. Coyne.



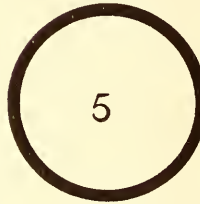
O. H. Rogers.
D. P. Kingsley.
James H. Rogers.
Henry L. Stoddard.
Francis L. Loring, Jr.
Ematerio de la Garza

Eugene H. Conklin.
 David C. Link.
 Henry C. Conger.
 William N. Batchelder.
 Alexander Caldwell.



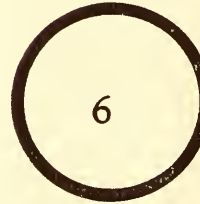
Edward W. Bill.
 John L. Baker.
 Frederick A. Slade.
 George Clinton Batcheller

Joseph M. Deuel.
 Eugene H. Porter.
 William R. Willcox.
 Edwin A. Jones.
 Frank Tilford.



Clarence S. Elebash.
 Herbert C. Smyth.
 Samuel W. Bowne.
 F. M. North.
 Henry R. Wilson.

William Leary.
 William J. Moran.
 James R. Sheffield.
 Charles S. Whitman.
 James McKeen.



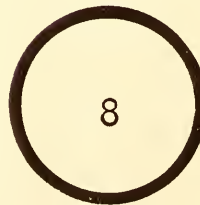
Robert H. Hunter.
 William L. Findley.
 Arthur F. Cosby.
 E. R. L. Gould.
 Thomas Sturgis.

Thos. F. Wentworth.
 Charles A. Draper.
 Waldo P. Clement.
 James E. Childs.



Aaron S. Thomas.
 W. F. Merrill.
 Howard A. Haven.
 Fred'k C. McLewee.

James A. Blanchard.
 James A. O'Gorman.
 Edward T. Bartlett.
 Hamilton Odell.
 Frederick Ullman.



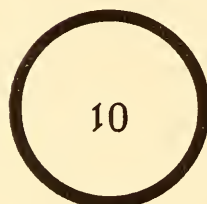
Charles A. Stadler.
 John Proctor Clarke.
 Alexander D. Cambell.
 E. A. Newell.
 J. Castree Williams.

Leopold Stern.
 Samuel Greenbaum.
 H. C. Stuart.
 Samuel Sachs.
 Samuel Sachs, Guest.
 Harold Werner.



Robert C. Morris.
 Robert C. Morris, Gst.
 Robert C. Morris, Gst.
 George Carlton Comstock.
 W. L. Ward.
 M. D. Mason.

W. Jenks Merritt.
 William H. Porter.
 Edmund Wetmore.



Mortimer C. Addoms.
 Joseph Milbank.
 M. L. Stover.
 M. L. Stover, Guest.

Abraham Gruber.
 Asa A. Dickinson.
 Charles E. Furlong.
 Frederick Worth.
 Batholomew Moynihan.



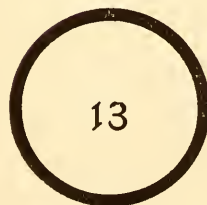
Edward Jacobs.
 Louis Mayer.
 Nicholas Brooks.
 Burr Mattice.
 W. M. K. Olcott.

Morris J. Hirsch.
 Robert Graves.
 Morgan J. O'Brien.
 David Leventritt.
 A. J. Prager.



Vernon M. Davis.
 George F. Vietor.
 Ira Leo Bamberger.
 Ashbel P. Fitch.
 Edwin A. Richard.

Anson G. McCook.
 Meyer L. Rheim.
 Philip J. McCook.
 Max W. Kraus.
 Lucien L. Bonheur.



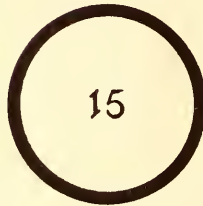
Alexander T. Mason.
 James Yereance.
 E. B. Marks.
 Albert Ottinger.
 H. F. Pretzfeld.

Charles E. Locke.
Seymour E. Locke.
George W. Megeath.
George H. Hart.



Lewis N. Firnback.
William B. Plunkett.
H. T. Wallace.
George E. Barstow.

J. G. Kugelman.
A. S. Ochs.
A. B. Fletcher.
J. E. Newburger.



William Schickel.
A. W. Watson.
E. M. Knox.
H. N. Leipziger.

William D. Murphy.
Samuel P. Avery.
I. A. Whitman.
Willard B. Mack.



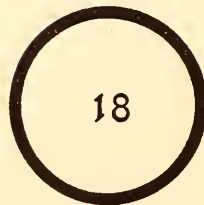
Walter Mason.
Thomas Kirkpatrick.
C. H. Crosby.
John Kirkpatrick.

William Einstein.
H. Griswold.
W. Carr.
Morris Fatman.
Arthur Lehman.
P. J. Goodhart.



Adolph Lewisohn.
James E. March.
George B. Gallagher.
John Henry Hammond.
J. W. O'Connor.

Robert N. Kenyon.
William Houston Kenyon.
William Houston Kenyon, Guest.
John McCaughy.



Joseph Murray.
Charles A. Shafer.
Warren A. Mitchell.
Melville A. Stern.
James D. Campbell.
Frank L. Crawford.

Richard C. Jenkinson
George R. Gray.
James Valentine.
James E. Howell.



John C. Dana.
Jay C. Ten Eyck.
James L. Hays.
George L. Smith.

John A. Sleicher.
Ludwig Nissen.
Henry J. Braker.
Charles H. Boynton.
J. Edgar Leaycraft.



William Sleicher, Jr.
Warren B. Hooker.
Wallace T. Foote, Jr.
Isaac N. Seligman.
E. C. Leaycraft.

Louis Wiley.
M. C. Danenbaum.
Edgar Rosenstock.
F. A. Munsey.



Thomas Wilson, Jr.
Isidor Lewi.
Warren M. Healey.
Louis Stern, Guest.
Louis Stern, Guest.

John Arthur Greene.
John Arthur Greene,
Guest.
Augustus S. Downing.
Charles R. Skinner.
R. A. Kathan.



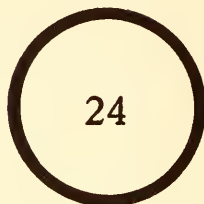
George W. Aldrich.
Wilbur F. Wakeman.
J. D. Marshall.
T. C. McClure.
Robert Schwarzenbach

Bradford Rhoades.
T. Ellwood Carpenter.
Henry W. Sackett.
Joseph B. See.
Norton P. Otis.
James K. Apgar.



Samuel C. Miller.
David Cromwell.
Francis M. Carpenter.
Roger M. Sherman.
Jacob Halstead.
Reuben G. Brewer.

Richard Deeves.
J. Henry Deeves.
J. O. Wilson.
W. H. Browning.



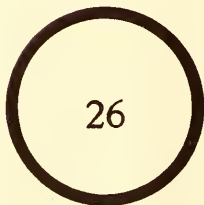
George E. Strobbridge.
William H. Bradley.
W. T. West.
E. H. Baker.

Leonard Ames.
S. H. Miller.
Frank M. Frary.
H. H. Hungerford.



Oliver M. Chace.
W. H. Rogers, Jr.
Charles Tremain.
Duncan E. Alves.

Pearson Halstead.
A. J. Boultier.
Phillip Schautz.
H. J. Pratt.



Alfred B. Merriam.
Charles E. Merriam.
Walter B. Merriam.
Charles W. Young.

John Little.
Maurice Seligman.
Henry H. Whitehead.
Myron Wilbur.



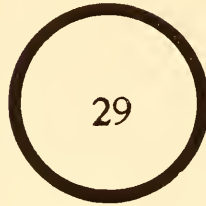
Frederic P. Milligan.
William J. Maxwell.
C. L. Sefert.
Rollin M. Morgan.

A. B. Norton.
W. A. Wakeley.
B. J. Carleton.
C. E. Birch.



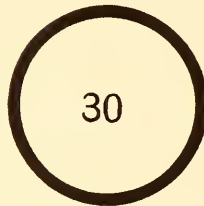
G. W. Roberts.
L. A. Opdyke.
W. H. Van den Burg.
Edwin De Baun.

P. C. Lounsbury.
John W. Vrooman.
Allen S. Apgar.
Edward W. Scott.



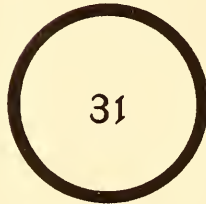
E. V. Gambier.
H. C. Du Val.
E. M. F. Miller.
P. C. Lounsbury,
Guest.

Paul M. Herzog.
George Rosenfeld.
Eugene Meyer, Jr.
Louis Marshall.



S. W. Rosendale.
Howard S. Gans.
Alfred A. Cook.
Sam M. Fechheimer.

Charles Shongood.
Julius Shongood.
Robert Ten Eyck.
Lewis M. White.



Herman Hearst.
Leo Kohn.
Dave Freidman.
Charles K. Lexow.

James M. Varnum.
Phillip Bloch.
Lorenz Zeller.
Joseph L. Hollander.
Samuel McMillan.



Theodore P. Gilman.
J. Van Vechten Olcott.
John C. Coleman.
Charles O. Maas.
Frank T. Fitzgerald.

James L. Wandling.
William Felsing.
Herbert W. Foster.
Walter Hughson.
Ira H. Brainard.



Thomas P. Spencer.
Henry C. Post.
Merritt E. Haviland.
George W. Schurman.
Rollin C. Newton.

Arthur B. Waring.
Charles H. Tenney.
Isaac Bell Brennan.
E. F. Brush.
Alfred E. Ommen.



James H. Jenkins.
J. Alva Jenkins.
E. G. Tucker.
George W. Wanmaker.
Charles E. Mott.

M. Linn Bruce.
Hugh L. McWhirter.
Meyer Nussbaum.
Edward D. Candee.



Louis I. Waldman.
George D. Yeomans.
Louis Bedell.
John Woodward.

Albert O. Brown.
Edward F. Buchanan.
Richard Ellis.
Philip V. Richards.
A. F. Hager.



Seymour L. Rau.
J. Edgar Bull.
William Hillman.
George A. Gardner.
Philip Carpenter.

Sol. Oppenheimer.
Peter Zucker.
Solomon Guggenheim.
I. Gainsburg.



M. H. Hirschberg.
Harry Hirschberg.
Stuart Hirschberg.

John C. West.
Read Benedict.
E. M. Wiley.
Julius Becker.
Leonard H. Dewing.



James Litton.
John Harker.
Ora Howard.
F. L. Remer.
H. C. Harding.

Henry Melville.
 George M. Pinney, Jr.
 I. M. Haldenstein.
 Fred A. Tasker.
 T. S. Cochrane, Jr.



Orlando F. Thomas.
 Herbert F. Thomas.
 H. D. Estabrook.
 R. H. Clowry.
 George B. McIntyre.

Frank Brookfield.
 Edmund C. Converse,
 Jr.
 Dudley B. Lawrence.
 Henry R. DeMilt.



Lucien Knapp.
 W. C. Foster.
 Donald McLean.
 Clarence A. Postley.
 William Bouldin, Jr.

Monroe B. Bryant.
 James A. Smith.
 Henry C. Backus.
 Charles W. Ballard.



Charles F. Brinck.
 Francis W. Judge, Jr.
 John Frick.
 John L. Sheperd.

Henry A. Hazen.
 E. H. Grandin.
 Robert A. Murray.
 W. P. Montague.



Wm. Bernard Duke.
 Frank Koch.
 George M. Gillett.
 Edwin N. Crane.

Press.



Newbold Morris.
John McCullagh.
C. V. C. Van Deusen.
Frederick Billings.



Edward G. Bailey.
Edw. R. Finch.
J. P. Windolph.

A. L. Canfield.
A. L. Daniells.
A. H. V. Canfield.
Van Back Canfield.



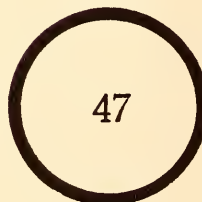
Taliesin Evans.
C. Godfrey Patterson.
Stephen Fiske.
A. P. Ketchum.

W. B. Cogswell.
E. I. Rosenfeld.
Jerome Bernheimer.
David Heller.
Charles V. Halley.



Coker F. Clarkson.
T. J. Sachs.
Charles Innes.
Walter Holden.

Hanford Crawford.
Arthur H. Hallo.
George W. Thayer.
John W. O'Connor.



Herman Russell.
F. Ferguson.
Wm. C. Holbrook.
Gilbert A. Rowe.

Martin Saxe.
H. T. Fuller.
R. P. Potter.



A. S. Gilbert.
W. P. Young.

